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19. *Leucosia* (Leucosia) *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 19)

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19. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1933, 28, 273-285.

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10. *Leucosia* (Leucosia) *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 10)

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10. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1980, 75, 338-342.

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English Classics — Star Series

POPE'S TRANSLATION

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD

BOOKS I, VI, XXII, XXIV

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

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GLOBE SCHOOL BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

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MANHATTAN PRESS
474 W. BROADWAY
NEW YORK

PA4025
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PREFACE

IT is desirable that students should read Pope's Homer first in large masses, with little or no annotation or discussion. The editor did this with lasting profit at about six years. Even the present Introduction, brief as it is, may be postponed. The paragraphs on the metres of Homer and his translators, indeed, possibly other sections, will probably be suppressed altogether by some instructors. No apology seems needed for discussing the outward form of a great artistic masterpiece and of its imperfect copies.

This edition is based on a study of Pope's original edition, 1715-1720. In particular, Book I, vss. 1-2, 452-453, are restored to a form very different from what we may call the "modern vulgate." The latter seems more likely to have been created by Warburton in 1750 than by Pope, who died in 1744. At any rate, the original readings are still unchanged in a copy of Volume I, dated 1738, which has been substituted for the original, "Lady Masham's copy," in the set at the Astor Library, New York City. Other restorations of Pope's text are I, 72, *fires* for *pyres*; 274, *forsook* for *forsake*, etc.; VI, 483, *absent* where *distant* is a recent error.

The Notes do not attempt to explain every unusual or antiquated use of single words. Careful readers will usually gather this material best for themselves, and dictionaries are within the reach of all. No real difficulty has been intentionally passed over. Besides brief explanation of allusions to unfamiliar matters, two subjects have been more copiously and suggestively treated. One is the real

nature, scope, and interest of the Hellenic myths. The other is the many-sided and frequent aberrations of Mr. Pope from the letter and the spirit of Homer's Iliad. Like other classical teachers, the editor hopes every pupil will have gained his first impressions of ancient epic from a simpler and more faithful version. Some copy of a complete English Iliad should be always accessible, at least upon the teacher's desk; for the mutilation of a masterpiece is always to be regretted, even if unavoidable.

The versions introduced in the notes are, for the most part, attempts to combine the utmost literalness with some approach to the daetylic rhythm. The editor's own acquaintance with the lands of Homer, though now twenty years away, has, it is hoped, given some local color to such notes as those on Book I, vss. 568-569 and XXII, 195.

Criticisms and suggestions will be most cordially received by the editor.

AUGUST 23, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION

Homer and the *Iliad*

THE two great epic poems ascribed by tradition to "Homer," the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, give us our earliest picture of European life, a picture taken, as it were, by a brilliant flashlight, centuries before the dawn of history. As to the real biography of the poet or poets, we know nothing. In the epics themselves, minstrels are mentioned only as attached to royal courts, and we naturally surmise that the maker of the *Iliad* was himself such a courtier. The *Odyssey* is generally felt to be the work of a later, more refined, and thoughtful age, perhaps a century younger. Few scholars, if any, believe that either poem as it now stands was wholly composed by any one man. Yet the *Iliad* has the true unity of all artistic masterworks, and each important part has been shaped for the place into which it is fitted. Herodotus, father of history, himself living in the fifth century B.C., estimates Homer's time to have been four hundred years earlier. Recent students are inclined to set still farther back the age of the chief artist who gave the *Iliad* essentially its present shape.

Poetry is much older than prose. That is, man's sense of beauty, his imagination, awakes long before the power, or the desire, to make a sober truthful chronicle of actual events. Homer does not even profess to describe his own days, but only a more heroic foretime, of which he really knows nothing. He appeals to the Muse for inspiration. He must have invented much of the tale. Yet he sees everything most vividly himself, and makes us, even now,

see it no less clearly, so that we forget how much is impossible.

There is a peculiar freshness and charm about Homer's scenes and people, heightened, no doubt, by their remoteness. For though they are unmistakably Greek, as is the language they use, there is a great chasm between them and the later Hellenic folk of authentic history. The rude Dorians, ancestors of the Spartans, descending into the Peloponnesus "three generations after the Trojan war," apparently swept away the decaying Achæan monarchies that the Homeric poets had known. Little save the epic poems themselves was saved from the wreck. The democratic, mercantile, city-loving Greeks of the historical period were quite un-Homeric in many ways.

The old warrior-kings with their submissive peoples, their chariots, and palaces rich in gold, had passed away leaving hardly a trace behind. In modern times, indeed, it was long believed that Homer's men and women, like his quarrelsome gods, were but such "stuff as dreams are made of." But the massive foundation-walls of forts and palaces, the gold plate and jewelry, with numberless other relics, discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, Tiryns, and on the hill of Hissarlik in the centre of the Trojan plain itself, have demonstrated that there was, on both shores of the *Ægean*, somewhat such a civilization, under Egyptian and Oriental influences, as the *Iliad* depicts. This civilization is roughly assigned to the second millennium, 2000–1000, B.C.

Whether heroes and heroines quite like Achilles and Hector, Helen and Andromache, even bearing these familiar names, once really lived, we shall never learn. In the ruined prehistoric palaces no inscriptions are found. In the poems there is no certain allusion to writing. (See Note on Book VI. vs. 210.) Even if it was used for brief public notices, it is likely that poetry may have been handed down for generations merely by memory. Certainly the creative imagina-

tion of Homer, or the myth-making age behind him, was no way hampered by any historical records. We should read the *Iliad*, then, at least for the first time, with a light heart, as pure poetry. Do not ask how much of it is literally true. Realistic natural scenery it certainly offers us, as the landscapes of Greece still prove. The arts, the manners, the characters, may often be no less truthful. Homer's men and women, his gods and goddesses, are wonderfully alive and human, often strangely like ourselves—especially like our boys, or “strenuous” men. But the golden thread of fable and marvel is woven inextricably into every scene of the great tapestry: the picture as a whole is true only to the higher reality of ideal and imperishable beauty.

The *Iliad* has influenced not only Greek and Roman literature, but all our poetry since, far more than any other work. Perfect familiarity with the Homeric myths is the first step in the connected study of European literature. Happily, the subject is as fascinating and delightful as it is important.

The *Iliad*, *i.e.* the legend of Ilios, or Troy, like all the best stories, is a tale of love and strife. It deals directly with a single brief episode only, in a much larger legend: the tale of Troy's fall, through the baleful influence of Helen. The most beautiful woman of the age, wedded to gentle King Menelaus in Sparta, she has eloped with her alien guest Paris, the roving son of the old Trojan King Priam. Therefore all the Greek princes, with their hundred thousand men-at-arms,—united as the Hellas of historical times never was,—have crossed to Asia in the pursuit. For ten long years their ships have rotted on the Hellespontine shore. Their commander is Agamemnon, lord of Mycenæ, Menelaus' brother. The irresistible Greek champion, however, is the Thessalian prince Achilles, son of a mortal king by Thetis, loveliest of water nymphs. Ajax of Salamis, Achilles' cousin on the human side, is next him in might and prowess.

Among the other chiefs old Nestor of Pylos, crafty Odysseus (Ulysses) from the rocky isle Ithaca, Diomedes modest and fearless, are favorite characters.

Paris' elder brother Hector is the chief defender of Troy, "the bulwark of the city," but no one dares meet Achilles in the open plain. Many allies from Asiatic lands have come to Priam's aid. His walls are strong. Great stores of wealth and provisions within the town have enabled him to hold out thus far. But the end is drawing nigh. They who beleaguer and they who watch upon the tower alike know that Hector's gleaming helmet and Priam's ancient throne must fall in the dust at last, because Paris' grievous sin is unatoned. (See Note on XXII. 158.)

The Greek poet apparently imagines the Trojans as speaking the same language with their foes. Indeed, the city has been for generations a favorite of the Greek divinities, its walls were built of old by Apollo and Poseidon, the sea god. The Trojan customs seem to differ little from the Greek, except, indeed, that Priam lives in open polygamy. And yet, something of that great contrast between Europe and Asia, Occident and Orient, which has lasted to our own day, appears at times to lend a larger typical meaning to the strife in the Scamandrian plain.

The quarrelsome gods, in their council upon Mt. Olympus, devote almost their entire debate to the Trojan battlefields, and often actually take part on either side in the fray. The divinities of Homer, however, are drawn with little reverence, and often show less dignity than his men and women. The Greek hardly shares the Hebrew's reticence and awe in the presence of deity. Not liable to death like mortals, yet swayed by every human passion, these gods and goddesses often seem mere ogres, deserving the laughter or contempt of fearless heroic men.

The Homeric common people count for little in peace or war. The artistic treatment of Diomedes or Hector reminds

us of those Assyrian reliefs, wherein the colossal monarchs tower higher than city walls among their pygmy followers. So the Homeric host makes but an animated background for the heroes who contend from chariots, or, dismounting, wage stately duels on foot. Riding on horseback is unknown among them, though the poet once, in a simile, describes a very skillful acrobat, managing four horses on an open road and leaping from one to another. (Pope's Homer, XV. 822-829.)

In the general assembly a man of the people once raises his voice, only to be silenced and soundly beaten by a prince, while satirized by the poet as the ugliest and most detested of men, at whose disgrace all the folk laugh merrily. Except this cynical sketch of a low-born demagogue, the commons are only heard assenting humbly to the proposals of their leaders.

The relations between Agamemnon, the war-lord, and the eight or ten other "kings" of the inner council are not so easy to define. If Homer were a grave historian, we might promptly accept Thucydides' sensible conclusion, that Agamemnon must have had the power to compel their submission as vassals. But in a romance more chivalric motives may decide the action. If he was at first the voluntary choice in a council of allies, there is at any rate no suggestion raised of deposing him, even when he utters words of abject cowardice and despair. Achilles certainly talks as if he himself had come, and could depart, of his own sovereign will; and Agamemnon, with all his rashness of speech, makes no threat to detain him. On the whole, it seems probable that all the great chiefs, Achilles, Nestor, Ajax, Odysseus, Idomeneus, Diomedes, and others, claim full independence, yet the imperial power and wealth of Mycenæ are so great that no other state could aspire to the actual leadership. As if there should be an alliance of American republics, for instance, in which Chili or Mexico might

remain or not, but certainly could never dispute our supremacy.

We must always remember, however, the isolation of the Homeric poesy. We get only a fragmentary tale, with hints of what came before and after. Later Greek poets and chroniclers have indeed added for a thousand years to the great web, but their inventions may be no more Homeric than Tennyson's or Andrew Lang's. Even in our accepted text some beautiful passages are undoubtedly late in origin. The cities depicted on Achilles' shield are comparatively modern democratic communes, such as Agamemnon could never have dreamed of. Many even of the famous myths in the Trojan cycle—Hecuba's dream, Paris' choice, Achilles' education, Æneas' wanderings—are pretty certainly post-Homeric. (See especially, *Art and Humanity in Homer*, pp. 243–262.)

Very few incidents are recorded which can be assigned to the first nine years of strife. The Greeks, led usually by Achilles, have sacked in their forays many lesser towns about the Troad. The camp is overflowing with captives, especially women, the men having been slain or sold in neighboring islands. The incidents of the *Iliad* fill but a few weeks altogether, only four days of actual fighting, in the last year of the war.

Achilles, even during his long absence from the field, is the central figure in the Homeric story. It is that absence that brings swift disaster upon the Greeks. The shadow of his approaching death, foreseen and prophesied by his horse, by his mother, by dying Hector, gives a doubly tragic character to the whole tale. Perhaps we may fairly regard the *Iliad*, on its ethical side, as the story of Achilles' education through suffering.

The strongest and noblest personal tie, in ancient Greece, the spur to all chivalric accomplishment, was felt to be not love for woman, but devoted friendship between man and

man. In this respect the *Iliad* is thoroughly Hellenic. The princess Briseïs was to have been the honored wife of her captor Achilles; at least his friend Patroclus had often so assured her. When Agamemnon takes her by violence, Achilles refuses to fight longer under such a lawless tyrant. Yet Patroclus' pleadings induce Achilles at least to let *him* fight, in his mightier comrade's panoply. The death of his friend effaces from Achilles' mind the former grievance. In his thirst for vengeance upon Hector he instantly condones Agamemnon's injustice, and also ignores the repeated warning:—

“Quickly for thee after Hector by destiny death is appointed.”

It is especially important to remember this preference of the Greeks for manly friendship over wedded love, for instance in reading the Sixth Book. Andromache's tears may well call forth our own; but all the sentiments inherited from the centuries of Christian chivalry are aiding their power over us. Certainly the Greek poet, while painting with force the misery of woman's lot in war, is merely using her, like all figures of the legend, in due subordination within a great unified picture. Troy is drifting to deserved and utter shipwreck on the reef of Justice. The moral lesson, as in every supremely great artistic work, is wrought into the whole plot of the Trojan epic, not attached anywhere as a tag.

Translations of the *Iliad*

Whether poetry as such is translatable at all is an ever-debated question. Of course, the peculiar harmonies of each great human language, like its idioms, can be fully felt by none save the native born, and understood by the alien only through painful year-long effort. No copy can reproduce the merits of the masterpiece. *Faust*, the *Commedia*, the *Aeneid*, the *Iliad*, are well worth all the toil it costs to read each in the original.

Nevertheless, the case of the Homeric poems is somewhat unique. They may almost be said to exist only in translations. Even our Greek text is a late Attic copy, with an alphabet, spelling, accents, etc., that Homer never knew. The original form can never be recovered. We have little idea how the verses sounded when first recited. Probably no people ever spoke, at any one time, what we call the epic dialect, in which contracted and protracted forms of the same words, colloquial idioms and evident archaisms, stand side by side much as in the *Faerie Queene*. The meaning of many words the Greeks guessed from the connection, and we must often do the same.

Only a small minority even among the educated can first master Attic Greek, and then gain, by years of special study, the imperfect knowledge attainable of the epic dialect. The real question is therefore, Through *what* translations shall the overwhelming majority make Homer's acquaintance? The first, and many good critics add, the best, of all European poems, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* should, in some form, be among the familiar treasures of every household.

There is a widespread tendency in our own time to demand of the translator merely a faithful rendering of the thoughts, to renounce all attempt at indicating the metrical or other artistic form, of his original. Most Hellenists, for instance, would put first into the English reader's hands the deservedly popular recent translation of the *Iliad* by three English scholars, Messrs. Lang, Leaf, and Myers. The present editor cordially agrees that this book should at least be within the reach of every careful student, and should serve constantly to remind him how much has been added, distorted, or removed, by the freer metrical translator.

But the one indispensable and constant feature in a poem is the line or verse, which should in any language correspond closely in length to the average sentence or clause. A translation which gives us no idea where the original verse ended

deprives us of a most important element in that original. Is such a loss inevitable?

The *Iliad* consists of fifteen thousand lines, all in dactylic hexameter. This verse is entirely too long for a single clause in Greek or English, nor can it be spoken or chanted in one breath. It is, in fact, a couplet, the so-called cæsura marking the union of two true verses, *e.g.* :—

“ If you would have it well done,||
—I am only repeating your maxim—
You must do it yourself,||
You must not leave it to others.”

To compose such verses at all in English is very difficult, chiefly because our language has a well-marked *iambic* movement. To produce an harmonic effect closely resembling the Greek is simply impossible, because our words contain more than twice as many consonantal sounds. Thus the first line of the *Iliad* has only eleven non-vocalic elements, five even of these liquids. In English letters it reads: Mēnin aeide theā, Pēlēiadeō Achilēos. Longfellow's lines just quoted have twenty-three and twenty-four consonant elements. Such a verse as this Homeric one probably could not be put together out of English words at all.

The most popular German version of the *Iliad*, by the poet Voss, is in hexameters, and follows Homer almost perfectly line by line, from the first verse,

“ Singe den Zorn, o Göttin, des Peleiaden Achilleus”

to the quiet close,

“ Also bestatteten jene den Leib des reisigen Hektor.”

The same attempt has been made in English twice, at least, with unsatisfactory results. There is still reason, perhaps, to hope that a great master of rhythm, like Mr. Swinburne, may produce an English hexameter version quite equal to that of Voss. The English reader should notice

that in all languages the close of this long verse is pretty clearly marked, by the short final foot of two syllables only; but the medial pause is not so unmistakable, may be double, as in

“ You are a writer, || and I am a fighter,|| but here is a fellow,”

or again is hardly to be located at all. While offensive in English to most scholars, because so diverse in melody from its classical prototype, this movement is a favorite with the many, as the extreme popularity of *Evangeline* indicates.

The form generally used for sustained epic or dramatic composition by our poets is “ blank verse,” *i.e.* a ten-syllable unrhymed iambic line. But this is dangerously near to prose. It gives a very placid, slow effect, wholly unlike the dactyl’s buoyant step. The meaning of an Homeric verse cannot usually be packed into one such line, still less can it be stretched over two. Hence we shall find, in every such version, that the unit of the thought is broken up. The translator must make from a third to a half more lines than in the Greek *Iliad*. The especial melodic weakness of this unrhymed iambic line is, that its close is absolutely unmarked metrically. While Lord Derby’s translation is perhaps the most scholarly in this form, the well-known one by our American poet, William Cullen Bryant, is particularly musical, and always dignified. But the lack of unity in the line, the extreme slowness of the movement, are both world-wide from Homer. The noble opening verses of *Thandopsis*, for instance, are always divided, read, and heard, as prose—rather slow and heavy prose, too. Poetry should always have some share in the swiftness and lightness of song. Tennyson felt the necessity of lyrics in other metres, with wealth of rhyme, to vary the monotonous movement of the *Princess*, and of the great Arthurian cycle. Shakespeare closes his scenes with rhymed couplets. Even *Paradise Lost* is by no means light reading.

End-rhyme is in some languages, notably in Italian, so natural and recurrent as to be no fetter at all for the poet. In English it is a grievous burden, often an insuperable bar to fittest expression. Even in brief lyric, we may hope it will yet come to be regarded as merely one form of ornament, or rather of emphasis, to be used only when peculiarly appropriate. Tennyson himself in *Tears, Idle Tears*, *Merlin and the Gleam*, etc., has escaped altogether from rhyme. In long epic and dramatic compositions, both English and German, unrhymed verse is the rule, as it should be. The Homeric translator has one additional difficulty. He cannot freely omit, insert, or rearrange his matter. He is expected, more or less literally, to follow his copy. By a recurring obligatory rhyme his attempt is made a hopeless struggle from the beginning.

To all these difficulties Philip Worsley bade lightest-hearted defiance, choosing as the form for his translations the elaborate Spenserian stanza of nine lines, with its system of interwoven rhymes. This stanza of course introduces a second and larger unit of measure, to which nothing in Homeric metre or thought corresponds. Its luxurious leisurely harmony becomes wearisome in great mass. Few men have read the *Faerie Queene* without flagging. Worsley completed the *Odyssey*, but died when the *Iliad* was half rendered. He varies, of course, constantly, from the letter, not rarely from the spirit, of his original. Nevertheless, this is one of the most exquisite masterpieces of translation in the language, and should always be prominent in any shelf of English Homers. The versatile genius of Professor Conington added the remaining twelve books of the *Iliad* in the same metre, almost as skillfully handled.

All the English renderings thus far mentioned are of the nineteenth century. Pope's chief predecessor was the Elizabethan poet, Chapman, whose *Homer* has been made doubly famous by the enthusiastic sonnet of Keats. We

do not believe Chapman has now, or will ever again have, many readers. He is spirited, swift in movement, seems usually a competent Grecian. But his own imagination is audacious, all but Shakespearean, while his power, perhaps even his desire, for clear and simple expression lags far behind. We can hardly read ten consecutive lines anywhere, without becoming entangled in some elaborated "conceit" which, when unraveled and explained, turns out to be purely Elizabethan fancy, as far removed as may be from Homer's natural, straightforward, objective, yet ever fitting and often noble style. In Chapman not even the plainest narrative passages are simple, or easy, for any length. For instance, in the Sixth Book, when Andromache recalls the sack of her native city, her brother's death, her father's lonely tomb built by the merciless conqueror Achilles, she adds:—

" And the elms are growing about it,
Set by the Oreads, children of Zeus who is lord of the aegis."

Merely a quiet line and a half. To be sure, it is curiously suggestive. This sympathy of the personified powers of nature with man's grief seems to anticipate Wordsworth or Bryant. Pope (vss. 531-533, *infra*, p. 55) adds only a harmless line for the rhyme, and hardly seems impressed. Hear Chapman:—

" And to the monument

He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the high descent
Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their own
Did add to it, and set it round with elms ; by which is shown,
In theirs, the barrenness of death ; yet might it serve beside
To shelter the sad monument from all the ruffinous pride
Of storms and tempests, us'd to hurt things of that noble kind."

Of course this is an extreme case. Chapman's constant embroidery of his plain theme is oftener limited to added metaphors and startling or quaint epithets. Indeed, with

occasional bold abridgment, he manages to pack his work into about the same number of lines as Homer's. The iambic movement is natural, the fourteen syllables give just about space enough for the average Greek line. But the rhyme often carries him far afield in desperate quest, and besides, the whole movement is associated in English almost solely with the brief, willful, not too dignified flight of the popular ballad. Homer has retained all the picturesque vividness, the vigor, the joyous freshness of the minstrel's art in the ballad age, which doubtless lay behind him; but no hint of its crudeness, jerkiness, and occasional descent to prosaic vulgarity.

There is a temptation to quote, for Chapman, Voltaire's rash dictum on Dante, that "he will always be praised because he will never be read." But as a matter of fact, every school library should contain, if not a copy in the original Elizabethan spelling, at least the pretty modernized reprint of this version included in the *Knickerbocker Nuggets*. (Chapman is further cited and criticised, Book VI., last note, XXIV., first note)

It may be worth while to mention that Pope's acknowledged master, Dryden, rendered one book of the *Iliad*, of course in rhymed iambics. A member of Addison's little coffee-house circle, Tickell, published a similar version of Book I., simultaneously with Pope's first volume. Pope's jealousy had probably no real ground for ascribing this feeble performance to Addison himself. It is of interest to us now only because it precipitated the hostility between the passing and the coming leader of literary men, and so perhaps gave us Pope's one unrivaled masterpiece, the most deadly and the most unjust satire ever penned, the epigrammatic delineation of *Atticus*.

Pope and his Age

It is a singular fact that the most famous English version of Homer, perhaps the most profitable venture in translation ever made, appeared when poetic imagination and classical scholarship alike were at low ebb, and was the production of a youth whose feeble physique, narrow jealous temper, and provincial sectarian training united to make him seem peculiarly un-Homeric and un-Hellenic. To explain the instant fame and lasting vogue of Pope's Homer is a hard task indeed.

The glorious sunburst of the national genius in the poetry of Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and their time spent itself swiftly. The old age of Milton was lonely in every sense. Under the rule of his fellow-Puritans creative imagination perished, with the gayety and merriment of Tudor England. Recent essayists may find a few more stepping-stones across the great gap from Milton's death until the "return to Nature" by Coleridge and Wordsworth at the close of the next century. Certainly the *Castle of Indolence*, a little sheaf of Gray's poems, perhaps the beloved *Deserted Village*, will always be included in the anthologies of our best verse. Yet upon the whole the eighteenth century, as to works of purely imaginative force, stands poor indeed between its two happier neighbors in the tale of English literature.

The age of Anne, at the opening of that century, was a peculiarly self-satisfied time. Her courtly wits never doubted that classic taste, polish, artistic form, if not their original creation, owed to them at least a happier renaissance. Not only was antiquated Chaucer cast in fresher forms of speech, even crude Shakespeare must needs be rewritten. Undoubtedly they really felt that Ovid, at least, probably Virgil and Homer, were infinitely bettered by their modern and English dress.

Of course we really owe a debt to the men of the peruke and ruffles, though not chiefly in the ways they imagine. Dryden, for instance, who reigned unquestioned, and with no misgivings as to his own worth, among the "wits" of his latter days (1631–1700), is hardly remembered at all as a dramatist. In our national lyric he occupies a modest space only. We recall him chiefly as the creator of a more natural, crisp, and flexible prose than Milton's. Addison (1672–1719) and his friends first developed the brief essay, the playful, genial tone of satire, in fact revealed the value of the light and polite touch. Fielding (1707–1754) begins the long array of great novelists. Perhaps the one supreme masterpiece of the age is that eternal favorite of boyhood, *Robinson Crusoe*, though its author (Defoe, 1661–1731) was little worthy to succeed the writer of *Pilgrim's Progress* (Bunyan, 1628–1688) in the honors of imprisonment and persecution. In sheer force of creative fancy the largest share must doubtless be credited to the chronicler of *Gulliver's Travels*, the foul-mouthed, cynical, brutally tender Dean Swift (1667–1745); and, by the way, the stanch, life-long friendship of Swift and Pope, free from all jealousy or detraction on either side, is perhaps the pleasantest feature in both careers. But on the whole the central literary figure, in the half-century of Anne and the earlier Georges, is poor, feeble, shapeless little Alexander Pope (1688–1744), standing in grotesque physical contrast to sturdy John Dryden and the yet burlier Samuel Johnson, on either hand, —as Lowell, I believe, suggests in his stimulating essay on Pope.

Pope was born of devout, rather obscure, but well-to-do Catholic parents, in the very year in which the fall of the last Stuart king assured the final triumph of English Protestantism. Though not now in danger of life or liberty, the Romanists were long excluded from a University career, and from every political position. In social life also they bore a

certain stigma, especially the constant suspicion of disloyalty. The unresting life of the Jesuit Father Holt in *Henry Esmond* is perhaps a fairly typical sketch. Under such family priests, and in obscure Catholic schools, young Pope was trained till his twelfth year. His father meantime had retired from business in London to the village of Binfield, on the edge of the Windsor forests. Through his 'teens the sickly, precocious, ambitious boy appears to have browsed without restraint or guidance in his father's library. Some ability to read French and Latin he undoubtedly picked up. As to Greek, we are left to his unsupported claims—and our own blank incredulity.

Pope was seriously misshapen and puny physically, and was never able to dress or undress himself. The feeble body, the constant struggle to keep the flickering candle of life burning, the consuming, unwearying effort to acquire literary perfection, must remind us of Robert Louis Stevenson. But the lifelong cheeriness, the world-wide open-heartedness, the generous delight in other men's success, was almost wholly lacking.

Some poetic imaginativeness Pope does show, as it were in spite of himself: in spite, certainly, of a most unfavorable environment. His age seems to have held the firm belief that originality of thought was no longer possible, hardly even to be desired. Wits, rather than poets, the men of letters preferred to call themselves; and Pope himself early supplied the accepted definition:—

“True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.”

Of course, we may not consent to substitute “wit” for “poetry,” nor to accept such a definition of either. We demand freshness of thought, or clearer revelation of nature, and the simpler its expression the better. We do not think homely truth “dress'd to advantage” in courtly finery.

Pope usually takes a familiar thought; for example,— “Evil things don’t seem so bad as you get used to ‘em.” Add a vague personification, one or two antitheses, pack neatly in the orthodox rhymed couplets:—

“ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

To most of us this is neither poetry nor wit, but just minted commonplace. Of such couplets the early *Essay on Criticism*, the mature *Essay on Man*, are essentially made up.

This at least we must concede, that, within the monotonous metrical form, the moralists and satirists of the last century expressed their rather obvious thoughts tersely, clearly, vigorously. To that extent Pope’s work, in particular, will always be a model of English style; and a model whose merits can be analyzed, expounded, in large measure acquired by all.

An attractive feature in the literary life of Queen Anne’s day is the great influence exerted by clever writers in the social and political world, the eager promptness with which a promising author was hailed and encouraged. Addison’s high scholarship at the University did not save him later from obscurity, poverty, and discouragement; but his mediocre poetical flight after Marlborough’s victory at Blenheim won him a generous salaried post, and opened the way to unbroken prosperity thereafter. We get a pleasant glimpse, too, of Swift as a bustling dictator in the royal antechamber, ordering a youthful nobleman to subscribe his six guineas for the translation of Homer which “young Mr. Pope” had just begun (November, 1713).

Pope’s precocity was really remarkable, though his morbid vanity may have somewhat exaggerated the truth. His

boyish pastorals, indeed, are as mawkish, incongruous, and insincere as the rest of their kind. His spirited version of a book from Statius' Latin epic, if done in his 'teens, was doubtless pruned by his maturer hand. But as early as 1711 the *Essay on Criticism* shows a wide reader, crisp, clear, sometimes witty in his easy turn of phrase, fairly independent in his literary judgments, and already full master of the couplet which Dryden had made the normal form for nearly all poetry.

The work which reveals most ingenuity, taste, and real wit, perhaps, among all Pope's poems, and which at once raised him to a leading place among the rhymers of the day, is the *Rape of the Lock*, first printed in 1712, recast with the important addition of the superhuman "machinery," the Sylphs, in 1714. This is a mock-heroic, a miniature epic poem, telling how a noble lord cut from a reigning belle's head a lock of hair, with all the strife and direful woes thereby entailed. To a healthy-minded country-bred boy this poem would be absolutely meaningless. It is in part a mild satire on the triviality of polite social life. Some portions are cleverly composed in parody of the real epic style. It is without doubt an exquisite work of art, and many passages are really imaginative, still oftener witty, though never deeply in earnest. But at any point in our enjoyment of it, suppose we are recalled to Milton's demand, that all true poetry must be "simple, sensuous, passionate." It would be like an announcement of a prayer-meeting in the midst of Vanity Fair.

Pope's Homer

It was this new and youthful rhymer, the favorite poet of the "smart set," of the court and of society, who announced, at the age of twenty-five, that he would write and publish a translation of Homer's *Iliad*. He was already the friend of Swift the Tory as well as of Addison the Whig, and

managed for a time to enjoy the aid of the two literary camps—or rather the two coffee-house coteries. His Catholic tenets were probably never very strenuously held, the influence of Bolingbroke tending rather to carry him outside of any distinctively Christian theology. All the breezes filled Pope's sails. Nevertheless, the instant mercantile success is astonishing.

The publisher, Bernard Lintot, paid Pope £1200 for the translation, besides furnishing gratis the copies for Pope's original subscribers, 654 in number, for which at least six guineas each were paid. Some noble patrons were particularly generous. Altogether, nearly \$30,000 was assured to the translator before the first volume appeared. The six parts were published between 1715 and 1720, and were received with general applause.

Pope's leadership in English letters was hardly questioned during the rest of his life. A few years later a version of the *Odyssey*, less conscientiously performed with two collaborators, netted the poet about \$18,000. His lifelong thrift thereafter was peculiarly unpoetical. He lived independently in the famous little villa at Twickenham on the Thames, knowing nothing of the poverty and mortifications that embittered the life of Johnson, Goldsmith, and so many authors of the century. He reached his goal, for he had not aimed at the stars.

Bentley, the great classical scholar of Pope's age, said, "A pretty poem, Mr. Pope: but you mustn't call it Homer;" and every Hellenist since that day has been disposed to echo at least the latter clause. The translation is an eminently readable performance. Its vigor never flags, its clearness is rarely clouded. Yet the total effect is astonishingly different from that produced by the *Iliad*, in the original or in a simple translation. Many of the differences to which attention will be called may seem trivial in themselves. Their effect is cumulative. But the truth is, Pope

had no sympathy for the rude, natural, forceful phase of life revealed by Homer. Doubtless Homeric simplicity often shocked his sense of fitness. He substitutes, so far as he may, the camps, courts, and drawing-rooms of the eighteenth century.

The best single line to illustrate all this occurs in the *Odyssey*, where a very lovable, rather shy young girl, who chances to be a king's daughter, wants to go with several companions on a little picnic at the beach. She begins:—

“Papa dear, would you get ready for me the wagon, the high one?”

No more but so. In Mr. Pope's elevating style this becomes:

“Would my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?”

The severest and justest criticism ever made on Pope is, that Homer's eye is always fixed on the things that he sees and makes us see; his translator is intent only on the turn of his phrase.

None the less, Mr. Pope's Homer will always remain one of the chief monuments of terse, polished, clear, vigorous eighteenth-century English. Certain minor affectations, e.g. the constant use of “dome” for house or palace, “train” for army, “main” or “deep” for sea, “bed” for marriage, “fair” for woman, whether due to the author or his time, should not vitally affect our enjoyment of a well-told story — a story which in its main outline is of course still Homeric.

The substitution of Jupiter for Zeus, Venus for Aphrodite, and in general of the Roman equivalents for Greek names, is indeed no longer to be imitated or approved, but was almost universal even down to our own day. It is perhaps the one serious error of judgment in Bryant's Homer. Still, no one is consistent. We all say Ajax, not Aias. Few will drop Ulysses for Odysseus. The whole question is a debatable one, and not in itself of the first importance.

The eternal beauty and vitality of Hellenic myths are not dependent on mere names.

Pope's metre was of course the ten-syllabled line in rhymed couplets. As used by Chaucer with abundant female rhymes, or by Keats with frequent "run-over" lines, concealing, or at least lightening, the else too emphatic rhyme, this movement is still agreeable — albeit, even so, somewhat monotonous — to our ears. Pope permits no variation from the exact tale of syllables. His finished, antithetical rhetoric almost invariably completes its curve within the couplet. The rhyme comes as inevitable and almost as emphatic as the clash of cymbals. Accustomed as we are to lighter, daintier, more varied rhythmic and rhyming effects, or, on the other hand, to the larger movement of Miltonic and Shakespearean blank verse, it is hard indeed for us to put ourselves in the attitude of Pope's first readers, to whom this was the one form expected and desired.

The twenty syllables of the couplet often afford more than abundant space to render an Homeric hexameter, and some passages are unmistakably "padded" with merely ornamental epithets. Oftener, however, Pope's temptation is to give his sentence a smarter rhetorical tone, a more epigrammatic emphasis than his original justified. We have good reason to doubt if Pope actually read Homer at all, except in free French versions and in Chapman and his other English predecessors. This, at least, is the judgment of Pope's editor, Wakefield, a classical scholar and a friendly critic.

The original edition of 1715–1720 — with its sumptuous copperplate engravings, a complete list of royal, noble, and gentle subscribers, the learned essay on Homer contributed by the scholarly poet Parnell, and the copious notes largely translated by some other scholar from the verbose old Greek bishop Eustathius, — makes a rather stately set of six volumes. This work is by no means so rare, even on this side

the ocean, as might be expected. Smaller editions appeared in Pope's lifetime, partly piratical, others authorized. The poet's literary executor was the pedantic and conceited Warburton. His edition of 1750 appears to have been accepted as a sort of vulgate text ever since. Pope's translation and preface, minus Parnell's essay on Homer and most of the notes, can now be obtained most conveniently in the Bohn Library edition.

An exact reprint from the 1715 text would be ill suited to a school edition. All substantives are there capitalized as now in German, proper nouns are set in Italic type. Such orthography as "smoak," "publick," "chearful," "rowze," "controul," "battel," "pyle," "prophan'd," "aetherial," "aethereal," "etherial," would be a dangerous example to our pupils. The present text ventures some closer approaches to Pope's spelling. Thus "oft," "yon," are interesting indications that the words were regarded as recent contractions for "often," "yonder." "Crost," "tost," "opprest," "curst," are exactly in line with present tendencies. "Con'd," rather than "conn'd," "prefer'd," "rob'd," seem logically right, since it is only the presence of the "e" that made necessary the doubling of the consonant in order to keep the preceding vowel short in sound. One special problem as to the text has been mentioned in the preface.

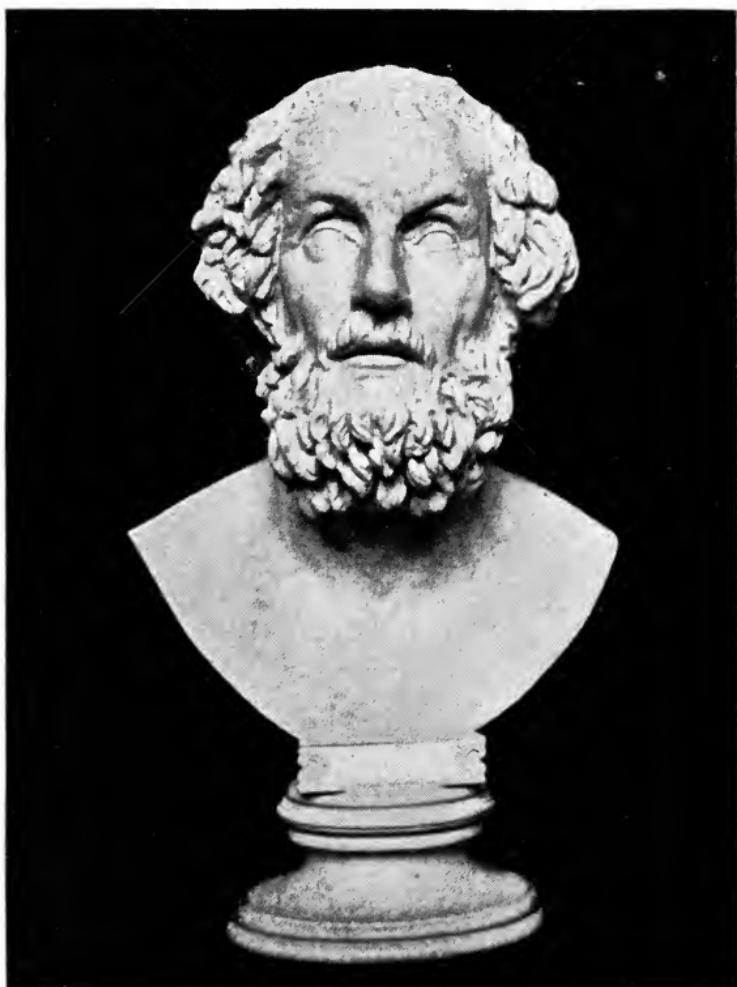
Note on Supplementary Reading

Every student should if possible have in hand the Lang, Leaf, and Myers translation of the complete *Iliad* into somewhat archaic English prose, now issued by Macmillan in inexpensive form. The Bohn Library contains the complete Pope's *Iliad*, in modernized spelling, with all of Flaxman's illustrations. The best small scholarly book about Homer is Jebb's *Introduction* (Ginn). Lawton's *Art and Humanity in Homer* contains many experiments in hexameter translation,

with literary criticism of Homer. This book was originally a course of University Extension lectures. Leaf's *Companion to Homer* is an exhaustive general commentary on the English text. This book, with Lang's *Homer and the Epic*, give with excellent temper the two sides of "the Homeric question." Lang believes in one supreme Homeric poet: Leaf is sure he can trace the gradual growth of the poems under successive hands. The archæological discoveries of Schliemann and others are now best discussed in *The Mycœnean Age*, by Tsountas and Manatt. Chapman's *Iliad* (in *Knickerbocker Nuggets*), Bryant's (Houghton), and Worsley's (accessible only in an expensive English edition), will perhaps suffice for any ordinary school library. Besides Cowper's and Lord Derby's in blank verse, there are spirited metrical versions, little known in America, by Way, and by Professor Blackie, the beloved and eccentric Scotch scholar.

As to Pope himself, Thackeray's brief sketch in his *English Humorists* is a most eulogistic one, in the writer's happiest manner. For the life of the time, *Henry Esmond* is almost as indispensable as the *Spectator* itself. Leslie Stephen wrote the brief biography in the English Men of Letters series, and also the article on Pope in his great Dictionary of English Biography. The strange literary intrigues, forgeries, and quarrels of Pope's life are patiently analyzed in the exhaustive *Life and Works* by W. J. Courthope. The biography of Pope forms Vol. V. of this monumental publication, which, like Nestor, has outlasted two editorial generations, having been begun by Croker and continued by Elwin.





HOMER.
After the bust in Sans-Souci Palace, Potsdam.

THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R.

Translated by Mr. POPE.

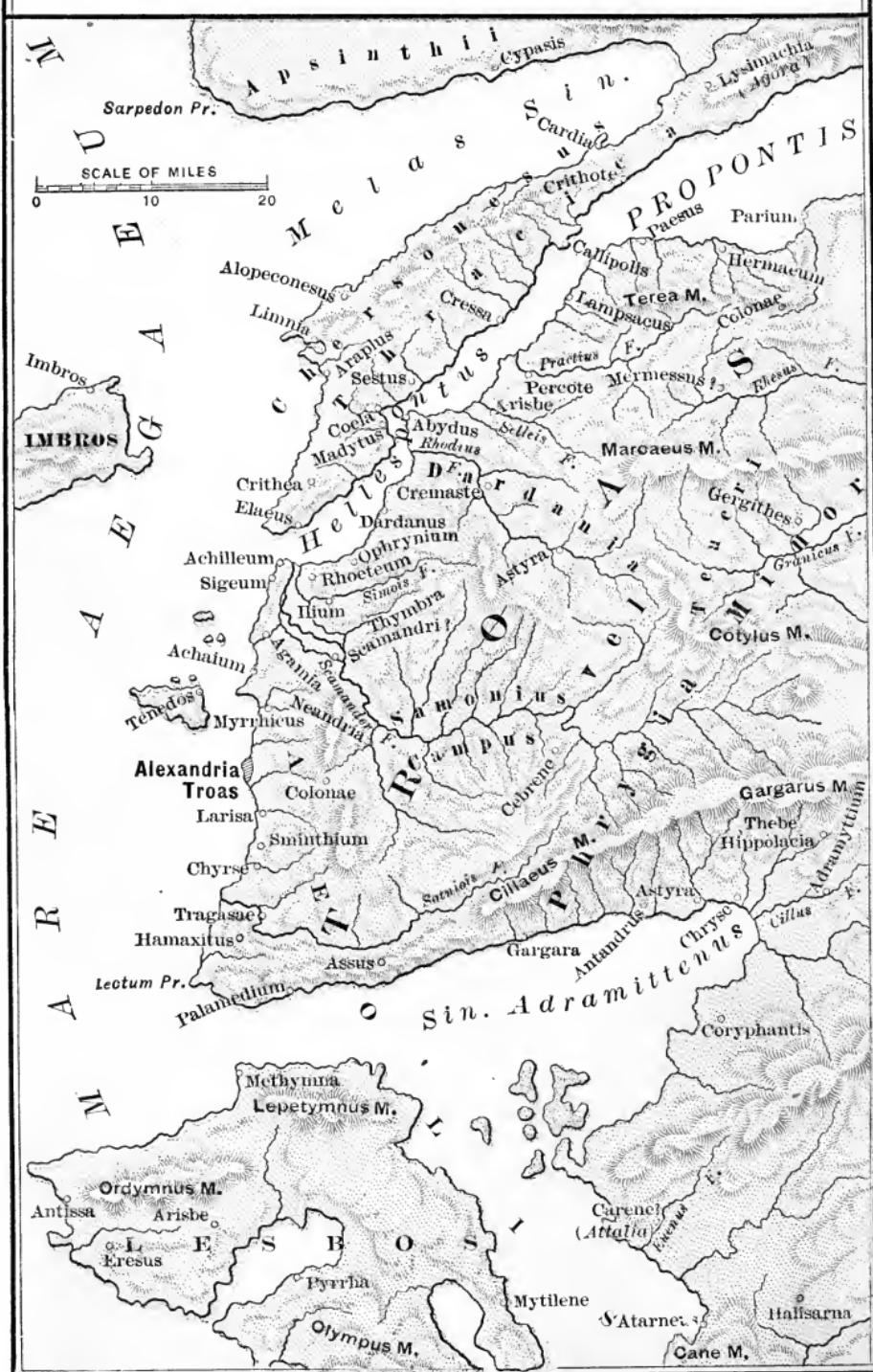
*Te sequor, O Graiae gentis Decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter Amorem,
Quod Te imitari aveo.*

— LUCRET.

LONDON:

Printed by W. BOWYER, for BERNARD LINTOTT, between
the *Temple-Gates*, 1715.

MAP ILLUSTRATING HOMER'S ILIAD



THE ILIAD

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Calchas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king, being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter, granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

BOOK II

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

BOOK III

THE DUEL OF MENELAÜS AND PARIS

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaüs and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of war. Iris is sent to call Helen to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris, being overcome, is

snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the field before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

BOOK IV

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE AND THE FIRST BATTLE

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaüs, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the meantime some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book; as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book. The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

BOOK V

THE ACTS OF DIOMED

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus, who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the meantime

Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BOOK VI

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle, and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simoës and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

BOOK VII

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of

Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax; the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships; so that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

BOOK VIII

THE SECOND BATTLE AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him, whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships), and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reembarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven-and-twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

BOOK IX

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

BOOK X

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaüs, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success, kill Rhesus with several of his officers,

and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

BOOK XI

THE THIRD BATTLE AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle; Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king should be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter, being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he had remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus, also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and-twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

BOOK XII

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL

The Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the

ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack ; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall : Hector also, casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

BOOK XIII

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS
THE GREEKS : THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes), assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him ; then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops into a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed ; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus ; this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest ; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathoüs : Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaüs wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing. Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war : Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans ; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

BOOK XIV

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of Sleep, and with some difficulty persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks; Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way; the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BOOK XV

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks; he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment; he is ready to take arms but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo reinspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him

with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall; the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are yet repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

BOOK XVI

THE SIXTH BATTLE; THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS

✓ Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described, in the heat of which Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy, where Apollo repulses and disarms him. Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

BOOK XVII

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS; THE ACTS OF MENELAÜS

Menelaüs, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaüs retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renewes the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles

deplore the loss of Patroclus : Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness : the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death, then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

BOOK XVIII

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions ; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan ; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles' tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

BOOK XIX

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end.

Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles, where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight; his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

BOOK XX

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

BOOK XXI

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some toward the town, others to the river Scamander; he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropaeus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost

dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, and drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo, who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojan an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Seamander.

BOOK XXII

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

BOOK XXIII

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROCLUS

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and wagons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral pro-

cession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flame. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the caestus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

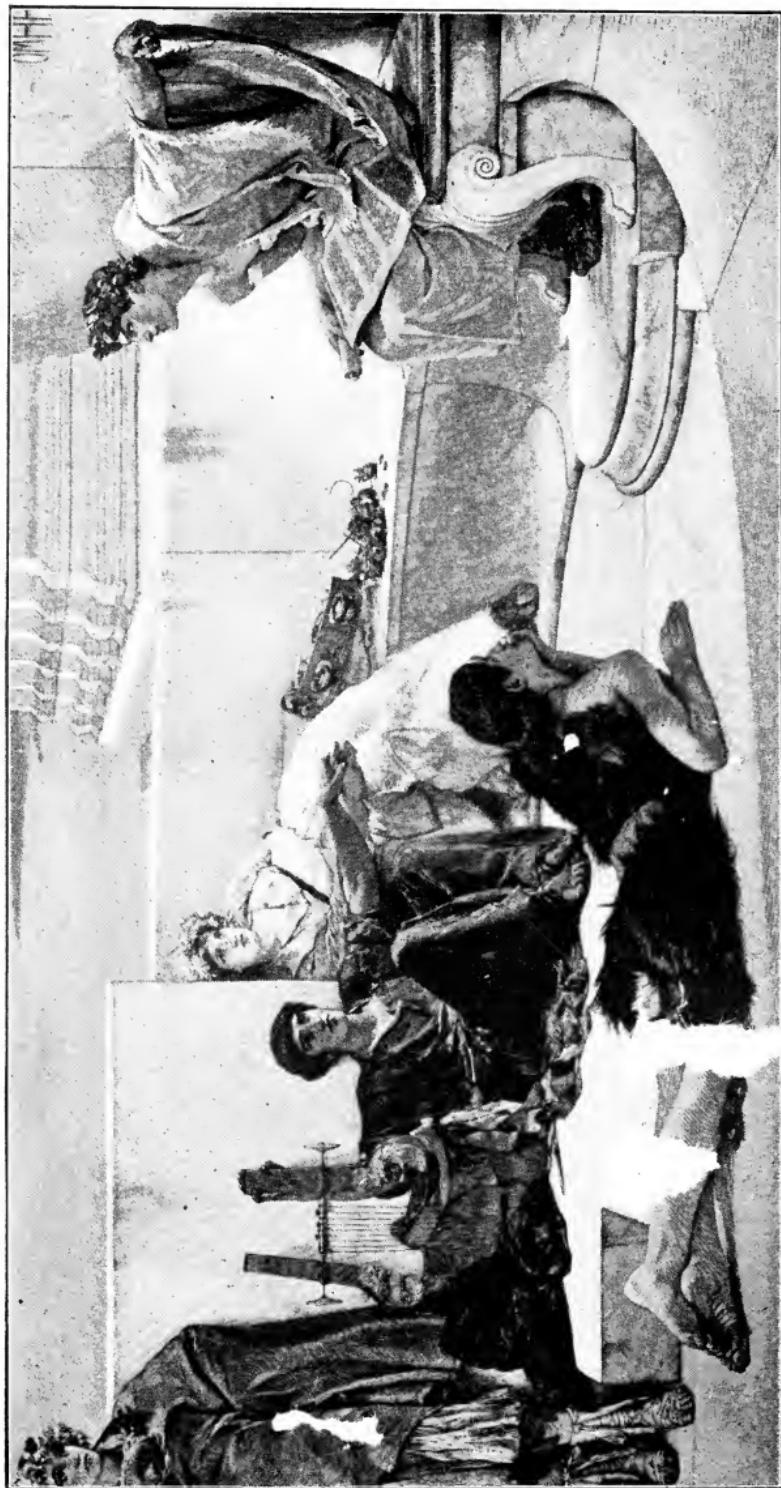
In this book ends the thirtieth day: the night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

BOOK XXIV

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR

The gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son: Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentation of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles, and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.



A Reading from Homer.

BOOK I

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O goddess sing !
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain :
5 Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore :
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove !

Declare, O Muse ! in what ill-fated hour

10 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power ?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead ;
The king of men his rev'rend priest defied,
And for the king's offence the people died.

15 For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands ;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands :
By these he begs ; and, lowly bending down,

20 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race :

“ Ye kings and warriors ! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground ;

25 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

But oh ! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again ;

If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,

30 And dread avenging Phœbus, son-of Jove.”

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
 The priest to rev'rence and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides : he, with kingly pride,
 Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied :

35 " Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains ;
 Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod,
 Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
 Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain ;

40 And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain ;
 Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace ;
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.

45 Hence then ! to Argos shall the maid retire,
 Far from her native soil and weeping sire."

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
 And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
 Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,
 50 Silent he wander'd by the sounding main :
 Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
 The god who darts around the world his rays :
 " O Smintheus ! sprung from fair Latona's line,
 Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,

55 Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos adores,
 And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores :
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;
 God of the silver bow ! thy shafts employ,

60 Avenge thy servants, and the Greeks destroy."

Thus Chryses pray'd : the fav'ring power attends,
 And from Olympos' lofty tops descends.
 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound ;
 Fierce, as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.

65 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,

And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
 The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
 And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.

On mules and dogs th' infection first began;

70 And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.

For nine long nights through all the dusky air
 The fires thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.

But ere the tenth revolving day was run,

Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' godlike son

75 Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;

For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,

Achilles thus the king of men address'd:

“Why leave not we the fatal Trojan shore,

80 And measure back the seas we crost before?

The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,

‘Tis time to save the few remains of war.

But let some prophet or some sacred sage

Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;

85 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove

By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.

If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,

Let altars smoke and hecatombs be paid.

So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,

90 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.”

He said, and sate: when Calchas thus replied,

Calchas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,

That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view

The past, the present, and the future knew:

95 Uprising slow, the venerable sage

Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:

“Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know

Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?

First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word

100 Of sure protection, by thy pow'r and sword.

For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
 And truths invidious to the great reveal.
 Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies ;
 105 For tho' we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
 'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last."

To whom Pelides : " From thy inmost soul
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control
 Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,

110 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare :
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
 No daring Greek, of all the num'rous band,
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand :
 115 Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies :
 " Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
 120 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest.
 Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
 To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.

125 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r,
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

The prophet spoke ; when, with a gloomy frown,
 The monarch started from his shining throne ;
 Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
 130 And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
 " Augur accurst ! denouncing mischief still,
 Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill !
 Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
 And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king ?
 135 For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,

To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord ?
 For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
 Is heaven offended and a priest profan'd,
 Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
 140 And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold ?
 A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace :
 Not half so dear were Clytaemnestra's charms,
 When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
 145 Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail ;
 Our cares are only for the public weal :
 Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
 And suffer, rather than my people fall. .
 The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
 150 So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
 But since for common good I yield the fair,
 My private loss let grateful Greece repair ;
 Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain.”

155 “Insatiate king !” (Achilles thus replies)
 “Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize !
 Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
 The due reward of many a well-fought field ?
 The spoils of cities raz'd and warriors slain,
 160 We share with justice, as with toil we gain :
 But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
 The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
 165 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs.”

Then thus the king : “Shall I my prize resign
 With tame content, and thou possest of thine ?
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
 170 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.

At thy demand shall I restore the maid ?
First let the just equivalent be paid ;
Such as a king might ask ; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.

175 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own, be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain ;
180 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires — it now remains
We launch a bark to plough the wat'ry plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots and with lab'ring oars.

185 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend ;
This Creta's king or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will ;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
190 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main ;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate and the pest assuage."

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied :
" O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride !

195 Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind !
What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush or shall lift the sword ?
What cause have I to war at thy decree ?
200 The distant Trojans never injur'd me :
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led ;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed ;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main
And walls of rocks secure my native reign,
205 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,

Rich in her fruits and in her martial race.

Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,

T' avenge a private, not a public wrong :

What else to Troy th' assembl'd nations draws,

210 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause ?

Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,

Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve ?

And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,

Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day ?

215 A prize as small, O tyrant ! matched with thine,

As thy own actions if compared to mine !

Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,

Tho' mine the sweat and danger of the day.

Some trivial present to my ships I bear;

220 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.

But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more ;

My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.

Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,

What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain ? "

225 To this the king : " Fly, mighty warrior, fly !

Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.

There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,

And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.

Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)

230 To pow'r superior none such hatred bear :

Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,

And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.

If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength bestow'd,

For know, vain man ! thy valour is from God.

235 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,

Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway :

I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate

Thy short-liv'd friendship and thy groundless hate.

Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons ; but here

240 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.

Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land ;
But then prepare, imperious prince ! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair :

245 Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briseïs with the radiant eyes.

Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r ;

And hence to all our host it shall be known

250 That kings are subject to the gods alone."

✓ Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress ;
His heart swell'd high and labour'd in his breast :
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd :

255 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord ;
This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,

260 While half unsheathe'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care) ;
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair

265 Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confess,
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.

He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes :

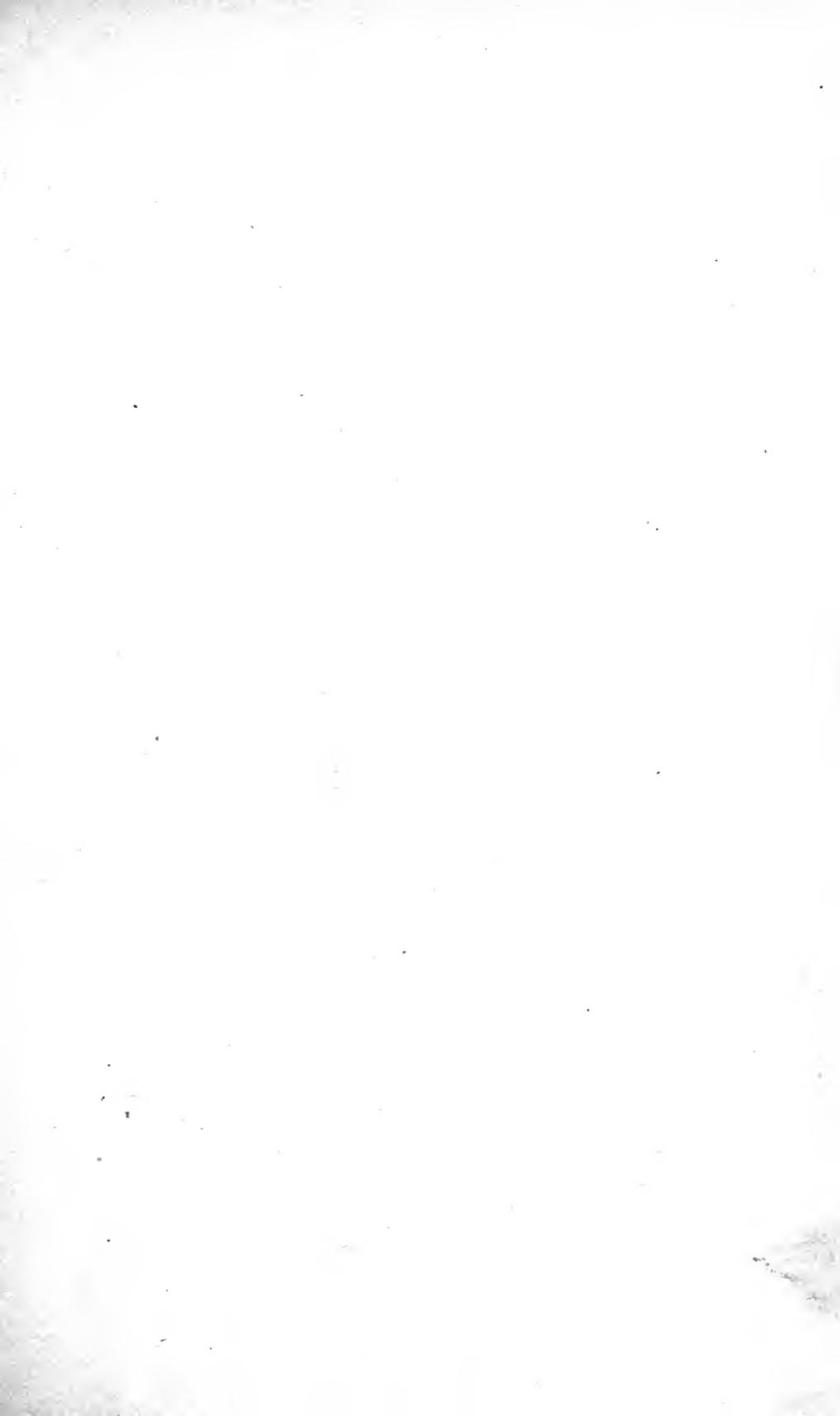
“ Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,

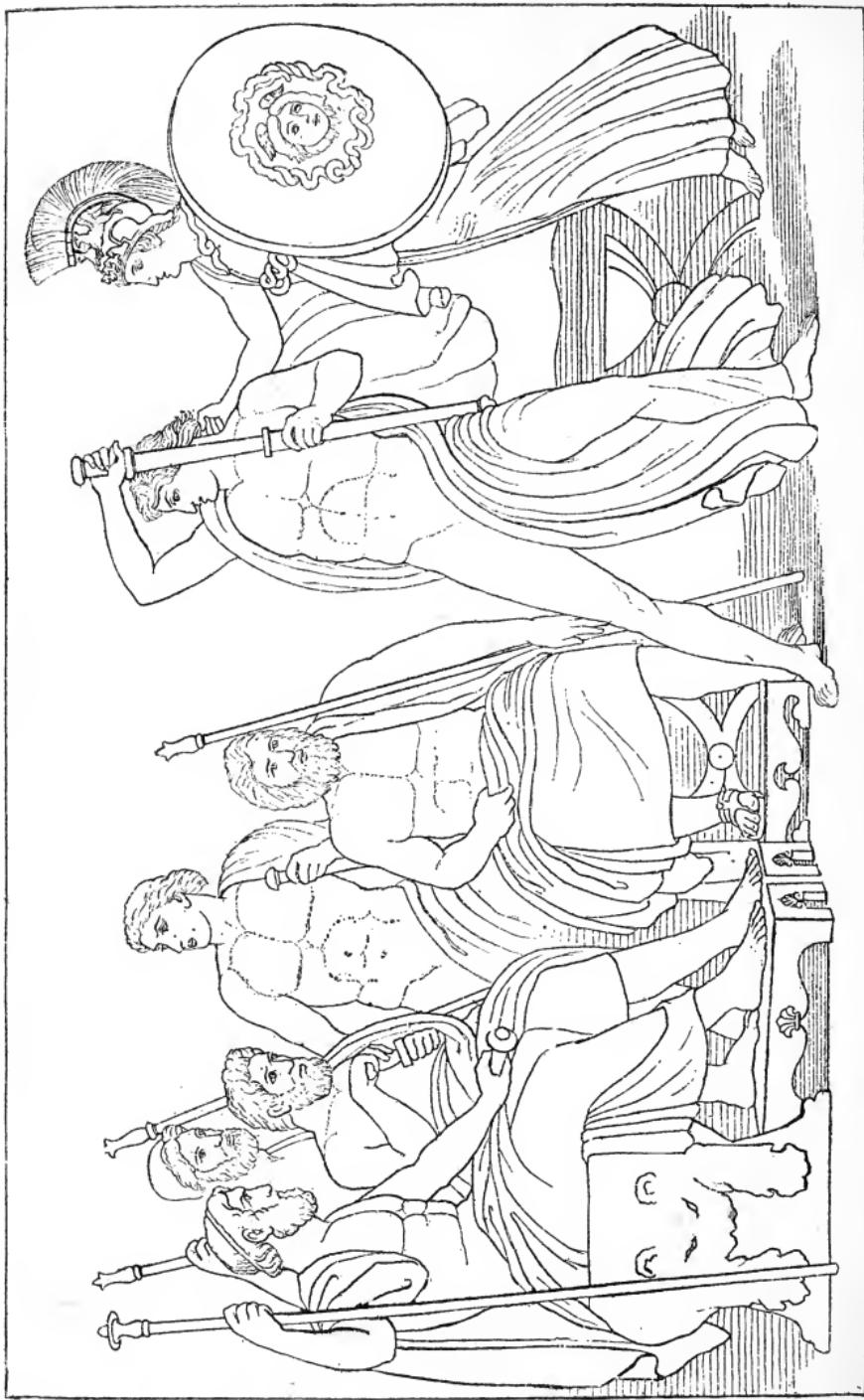
270 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son ? Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.”

“ Forbear ! ” (the progeny of Jove replies)

“ To calm thy fury I forsook the skies :

275 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,





MINERVA REPRESSING THE FURY OF ACHILLES

To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is giv'n;
 The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 280 But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.
 For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
 Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
 285 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
 Command thy passions, and the gods obey."
 To her Pelides : " With regardful ear,
 'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress :
 290 Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless."
 He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid ;
 Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
 The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
 295 Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
 Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke :
 " O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
 Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer !
 When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
 300 Or nobly face the horrid front of war ?
 'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try ;
 Thine to look on and bid the valiant die.
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
 And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
 305 Scourge of thy people, violent and base !
 Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
 Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
 Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
 Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
 310 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,

Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree ;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,

315 From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath ! inviolate to kings) :
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
320 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save :
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

325 He spoke ; and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around ;
Then sternly silent sate. With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passion with the words of age,

330 Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd ;
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd :
Two generations now had passed away,
Wise by his rules and happy by his sway ;

335 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man,
Who thus with mild benevolence began :
" What shame, what woe is this to Greece ! what joy

340 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy !
That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.

345 A godlike race of heroes once I knew,

Such as no more these aged eyes shall view !
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;
 Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
 350 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight ?
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led,
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.

355 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
 Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd ;
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.

360 If in my youth ev'n these esteem'd me wise,
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave ;
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave :
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride ;

365 Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside.
 Thee the first honours of the war adorn,
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born ;
 Him awful majesty exalts above
 The pow'rs of earth and sceptred sons of Jove.

370 Let both unite with well-consenting mind,
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king ! to calm Achilles' rage ;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
 Forbid it, gods ! Achilles should be lost,

375 The pride of Greece and bulwark of our host."

This said, he ceas'd. The king of men replies :
 " Thy years are awful and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect control :
 380 Before his pride must his superiors fall,

His word the law, and he the lord of all ?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, our self obey ?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway ?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n ;
 385 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n ? ”

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke :
 “ Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
 390 Should I submit to each unjust decree :
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd ;
 And seize secure ; no more Achilles draws
 395 His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause.
 The gods command me to forgive the past ;
 But let this first invasion be the last :
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.”

400 At this they ceas'd ; the stern debate expir'd :
 The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
 Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
 Meantime Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
 405 A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores :
 High on the deck was fair Chryseïs plac'd,
 And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd :
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
 Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

410 The host to expiate next the king prepares,
 With pure lustrations and with solemn pray'rs.
 Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
 Are cleans'd ; and cast th' ablutions in the main.
 Along the shores whole hecatombs were laid,
 415 And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid.

The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.

420 To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.

“Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent” (he cries);
“Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
425 Ourselves in arms shall tear her from his heart.”

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.

430 At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:

“With leave and honour enter our abodes,

435 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.

Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.

440 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to gods above and men below!
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,

445 Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.”

450 Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;

She, in soft sorrows and in pensive thought,
Supported by the chiefs on either hand,
In silence past along the winding strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;

455 But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung;
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:

460 "O parent goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
Honour and fame at least the Thund'r'er owed,
465 And ill he pays the promise of a god,
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."

Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,
470 The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
"Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share;
475 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

He, deeply sighing, said: "To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.

From Thebè, sacred to Apollo's name
(Eëtion's realm), our conqu'ring army came,

480 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseïs, heav'nly prize! was led
By vote selected to the gen'ral's bed.

The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain

485 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;

The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,
 Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
 Entreating all; but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race.

490 The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare,
 The priest to rev'rence and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
 The sire insulted, and his gifts denied:
 Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)

495 To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r.
 A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
 A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:

500 Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline
 T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine;
 Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd.
 The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,

505 With offer'd gifts to make the god relent;
 But now he seiz'd Briseïs' heav'nly charms,
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.

510 But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend,
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
 Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god.
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast

515 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' ethereal host,
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
 Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,

520 The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n,

Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n,
Then, call'd by thee, the monster Titan came
(Whom gods Briareus, men $\ddot{\text{A}}$ geon name) ;
Through wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along,
525 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong :
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands.
Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropp'd the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.
530 This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall ;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
535 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king.
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.”
540 “Unhappy son !” (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
“Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes ?
So short a space the light of heav'n to view !
545 So short a space, and fill'd with sorrow too !
Oh might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas ! too nearly threats my son :
550 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The sire of gods, and all th' ethereal train,
555 On the warm limits of the farthest main

Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
 The feasts of *A*Ethiopia's blameless race :
 Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.

560 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke : the rolling waves unclose ;
 Then down the deep she plung'd, from whence she rose,
 And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,

565 In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

— In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode ;
 Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd ;
 The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
 And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.

570 Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
 Chryseïs last descending on the strand.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
 Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane ;
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid

575 He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said :

“ Hail, rev'rend priest ! to Phœbus' awful dome
 A suppliant I from great Atrides come :
 Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair ;
 Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare ;
 580 And may thy god, who scatters darts around,
 Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.”

At this the sire embrac'd the maid again,
 So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.

Then near the altar of the darting king,

585 Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring ;
 With water purify their hands, and take
 The sacred off'ring of the salted cake ;
 While thus, with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
 And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r :

590 “ God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,

Whose pow'r encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
595 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend; avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."

So Chryses pray'd: Apollo heard his pray'r;
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
600 Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew:
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
605 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youths with instruments surround the fire.
610 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails dress'd,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was represt,
615 With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The paeans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
620 The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong:
Apollo listens, and approves the song.
'Twas night: the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then launch, and hoise the mast; indulgent gales,
625 Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;

The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
 The parted ocean foams and roars below :
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.

630 Far on the beach they haul their barks to land
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),
 Then part, where, stretch'd along the winding bay,
 The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But, raging still, amidst his navy sate

635 The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate ;
 Nor mix'd in combat nor in council join'd ;
 But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind ;
 In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
 And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

640 Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
 The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height :
 Jove, first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
 Leads the long order of ethereal pow'rs,
 When, like a morning mist, in early day,

645 Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea ;
 And to the seats divine her flight addrest.
 There, far apart, and high above the rest,
 The Thund'rer sate ; where old Olympus shrouds
 His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.

650 Suppliant the goddess stood : one hand she plac'd
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
 "If e'er, O father of the gods !" she said,
 "My words cou'd please thee, or my actions aid ;
 Some marks of honour on my son bestow,

655 And pay in glory what in life you owe.
 Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
 To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
 Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise !
 Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise ;

660 Till the proud king and all th' Achaian race

Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace."

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.

Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer press'd,

665 Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request :

"O sire of gods and men ! thy suppliant hear ;

Refuse or grant ; for what has Jove to fear ?

Or, oh ! declare, of all the pow'rs above,

Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove ? "

670 She said, and sighing thus the god replies

Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies :

" What hast thou ask'd ? Ah ! why should Jove engage
In foreign contests and domestic rage,

The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,

675 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms ?

Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway

With jealous eyes thy close access survey ;

But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped :

Witness the sacred honours of our head,

680 The nod that ratifies the will divine,

The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign ;

This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows — "

He spoke ; and awful bends his sable brows,

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,

685 The stamp of fate and sanction of the god :

High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,

And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,

Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.

690 The shining synod of th' immortals wait

The coming god, and from their thrones of state

Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,

Before the majesty of heav'n appear.

Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,

695 All, but the god's imperious queen alone :

Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.

“ Say, artful manager of heav'n ” (she cries),
“ Who now partakes the secrets of the skies ? ”

700 Thy Juno knows not the decree of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides ? ”

To this the Thund'rer : “ Seek not thou to find

705 The sacred counsels of almighty mind :
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee ;
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know :
The first of gods above and men below ;

710 But thou nor they shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul.”

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd : “ Austere Saturnius, say,

715 From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway ?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear : for late was seen
In close consult the silver-footed queen.

720 Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce inexorable son ?

Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
725 And glut his vengeance with my people slain.”

Then thus the god : “ Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide !
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhor'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.

730 Let this suffice ; th' immutable decree

No force can shake : what *is*, that *ought* to be.
 Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,
 But dread the power of this avenging hand ;
 Th' united strength of all the gods above
 735 In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove."

The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply ;
 A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.
 The feast disturb'd with sorrow Vulcan saw,
 His mother menac'd, and the gods in awe ;
 740 Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
 Thus interposed the architect divine :

“ The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
 Are far unworthy, gods ! of your debate :
 Let men their days in senseless strife employ ;
 745 We, in eternal peace and constant joy.
 Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
 Nor break the sacred union of the sky :
 Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
 Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
 750 If you submit, the Thund'rer stands appeas'd ;
 The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.”

Thus Vulcan spoke ; and, rising with a bound,
 The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
 Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
 755 “ Goddess ” (he cried), “ be patient and obey.
 Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
 I can but grieve, unable to defend.
 What god so daring in your aid to move,
 Or lift his hand against the force of Jove ?
 760 Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
 Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height ;
 Tost all the day in rapid circles round ;
 Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground :
 Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost ;
 765 The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.”

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.

770 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong
In feasts ambrosial and celestial song.

Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round

775 With voice alternate aid the silver sound.

Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.

Then to their starry domes the gods depart,

The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:

780 Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK VI

Now heav'n forsakes the fight ; th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill the field :
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes ;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows ;
5 While Troy's fam'd streams, that bound the deathful plain,
On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found,
10 And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground ;
His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest :
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.

15 Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood ;
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good :
In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
He held his seat ; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever-open door

20 Oblig'd the wealthy and reliev'd the poor.
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day !
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.

25 By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,

30 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ;

In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace) :
 Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms ;
 The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

35 Astyalus by Polypœtes fell ;
 Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell ;
 By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaon bled,
 And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead ;
 Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,

40 The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
 Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
 And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
 Melanthius by Euryppylus was slain ;
 And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

45 Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies
 Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
 His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
 Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke

50 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke ;
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
 For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
 Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel.

Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;
 55 The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
 The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd :

“ Oh ! spare my youth, and for the life I owe
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow :
 When fame shall tell that, not in battle slain,
 60 Thy hollow ships his captive son detain ;
 Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.”

He said : compassion touch'd the hero's heart ;
 He stood suspended with the lifted dart.
 65 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,

Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus : " O impotent of mind !
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find ?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
70 And well her natives merit at thy hand !
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage ;
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all ;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
75 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations and to curb the great ! "

The monarch spoke ; the words, with warmth addrest,
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust ;
80 The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.
Then, pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage :
" Thus, heroes ! thus the vig'rous combat wage !
85 No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil !
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
90 And frightened Troy within her walls retir'd ;
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind :
95 " Ye gen'rous chiefs ! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
On whom your aid's, your country's hopes depend,
Wise to consult and active to defend !
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
100 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight ;

Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.
 When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
 Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand ;
 105 Press'd as we are and sore of former fight,
 These straits demand our last remains of might.
 Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the gods require :
 Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
 110 Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane ;
 Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r,
 With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 115 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread ;
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
 If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent prayer,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 120 That mows whole troops and makes all Troy retire.
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
 Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed ;
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded and unmatch'd in might."
 125 Hector obedient heard, and with a bound
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground ;
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
 With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
 130 And turn the tide of conflict on the foe :
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears ;
 All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumph fears :
 Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
 Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.
 135 Then thus, aloud : " Ye dauntless Dardans, hear !

And you whom distant nations send to war !
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore ;
Be still your selves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,

140 To bid our altars flame, and victims fall :
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train
And rev'rend elders seek the gods in vain."

This said, with ample strides the hero past ;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
145 His neck o'er shading, to his ankle hung ;
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone),
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met ; the chiefs from far
150 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began :

" What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field ;

155 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.

Unhappy they and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires !
But if from heaven, celestial, thou descend,

160 Know, with immortals we no more contend.

Not long Lyceurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.
Bacchus and Bacchus' votaries he drove
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove :

165 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound ;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move
170 (Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above) ;

Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
 Cheerless he breath'd and wander'd in the gloom :
 Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
 A wretch accurst and hated by the gods !

175 I brave not heaven ; but if the fruits of earth
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death."

" What, or from whence I am, or who my sire "

180 (Replied the chief), " can Tydeus' son inquire ?
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground :
 Another race the following spring supplies ;
 They fall successive and successive rise :

185 So generations in their course decay ;
 So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

" A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,

190 (Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd) ;
 Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
 In ancient time the happy walls possest,
 Then call'd Ephyrè : Glaucus was his son,
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,

195 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
 Then mighty Proetus Argos' sceptre sway'd,
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,

200 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd.
 For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame :
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.

205 Fir'd at his scorn, the queen to Proetus fled,

And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed.

Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate ;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate :

To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,

210 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.

Now, bless'd by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood :

There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due ;
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.

215 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.

First, dire Chimaera's conquest was enjoin'd :

220 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire :
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

225 "This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies) ;
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew
(Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defied ;

230 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side.

"Nor ended here his toils : his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treach'rous ambush, rose
With levell'd spears along the winding shore :
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

235 "At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief ;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign.

The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,

240 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes ; her fruitful love
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove) ;

245 But when at last, distracted in his mind,
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,
 Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way !

Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart ;

250 His beauteous daughter fell by Phoebe's dart ;
 His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
 In combat on the Solymæan plain.
 Hippolochus surviv'd ; from him I came,
 The honour'd author of my birth and name ;

255 By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
 By his instructions learn to win renown ;
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honours to my native land,
 Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,

260 And emulate the glories of our race."

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart ;
 In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart ;
 Then friendly thus the Lycian prince address'd :
 " Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !

265 Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
 Eneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold ;
 Our ancient seat his honoured presence grac'd,

270 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
 The parting heroes mutual presents left :

A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift ;
 Eneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye resplendent glow'd

275 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd

Among my treasures, still adorns my board :
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).

Mindful of this, in friendship let us join ;
280 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline,
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.

Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon' ample field ;
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore ;
285 But thou and Diomed be foes no more.

Now change we arms, and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast."

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight ;
290 Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind) :
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought :
295 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
300 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
305 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame ;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd : and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate :
310 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,

Of equal beauty and of polish'd stone.
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
 (With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
 315 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race).
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun :
 " O Hector ! say, what great occasion calls
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls ?
 320 Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r,
 With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r ?
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 And pay due vows to all the gods around.
 325 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
 And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl ;
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 The brave defender of thy country's right."
 " Far hence be Bacchus' gifts ' (the chief rejoin'd) ;
 330 " Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
 Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
 By me that holy office were profan'd ;
 335 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
 To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer heaven's great sire polluted praise.
 You, with your matrons, go, a spotless train !
 And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.
 340 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
 So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 345 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,

And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war:

350 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
355 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odors breath'd a costly scent.

360 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.

Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes

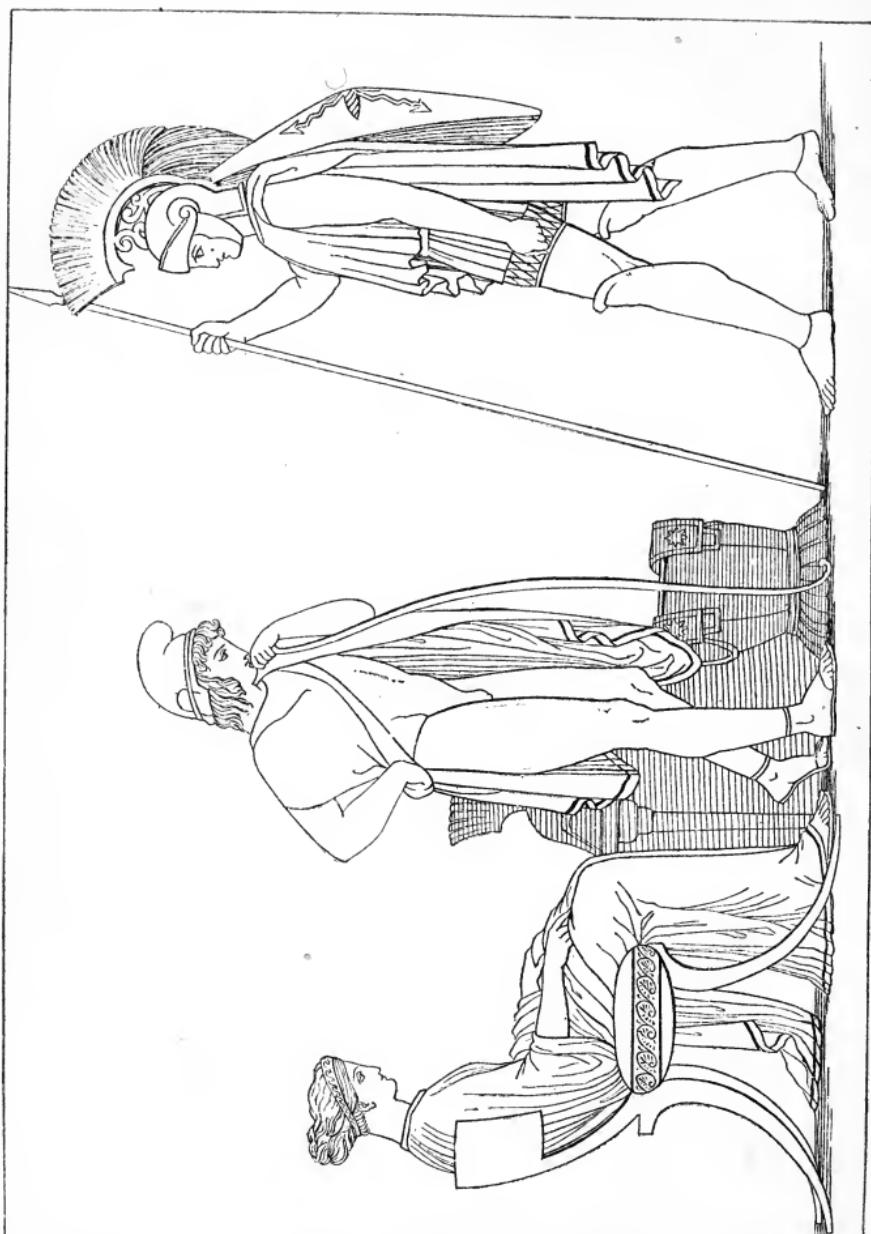
365 The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd resplendent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.

370 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,

375 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:
"O awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,

Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!

380 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall



HECTOR CHIDING PARIS

Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 385 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare ! ”
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane :
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
 While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
 390 Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part
 Assembling architects of matchless art.
 Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.
 A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength :
 395 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;
 The steely point, with golden ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
 Thus entring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
 400 His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
 Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.
 Him, thus inactive, with an ardent look
 405 The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke :
 “ Thy hate to Troy is this the time to show
 (O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe) ?
 Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
 Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
 410 For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
 Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall ;
 For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
 And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
 Ungrateful man ! deserves not this thy care,
 415 Our troops to hearten and our toils to share ?

Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end."

"Brother, 'tis just" (replied the beauteous youth);
"Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:

420 Yet charge my absence less, O gen'rous chief,
On hate to Troy than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
And mourn'd in secret his and Ilion's fate.

"Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
425 And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.

Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
"Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind."

430 He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
"O gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd these woes deserve a sister's name!
Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
435 The day that show'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?

440 Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
445 With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song!"

450 The chief replied: "This time forbids to rest:

The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require ;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.

Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
455 And timely join me, e'er I leave the walls.

E'er yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay ;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear :

460 This day some god who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."

He said, and past with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain :

465 She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and, with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight ;

470 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent

475 Her parting steps; if to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort,
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court.

"Not to the court" (replied th' attendant train),
"Nor, mix'd with matrons, to Minerva's fane :

480 To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword ;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord :

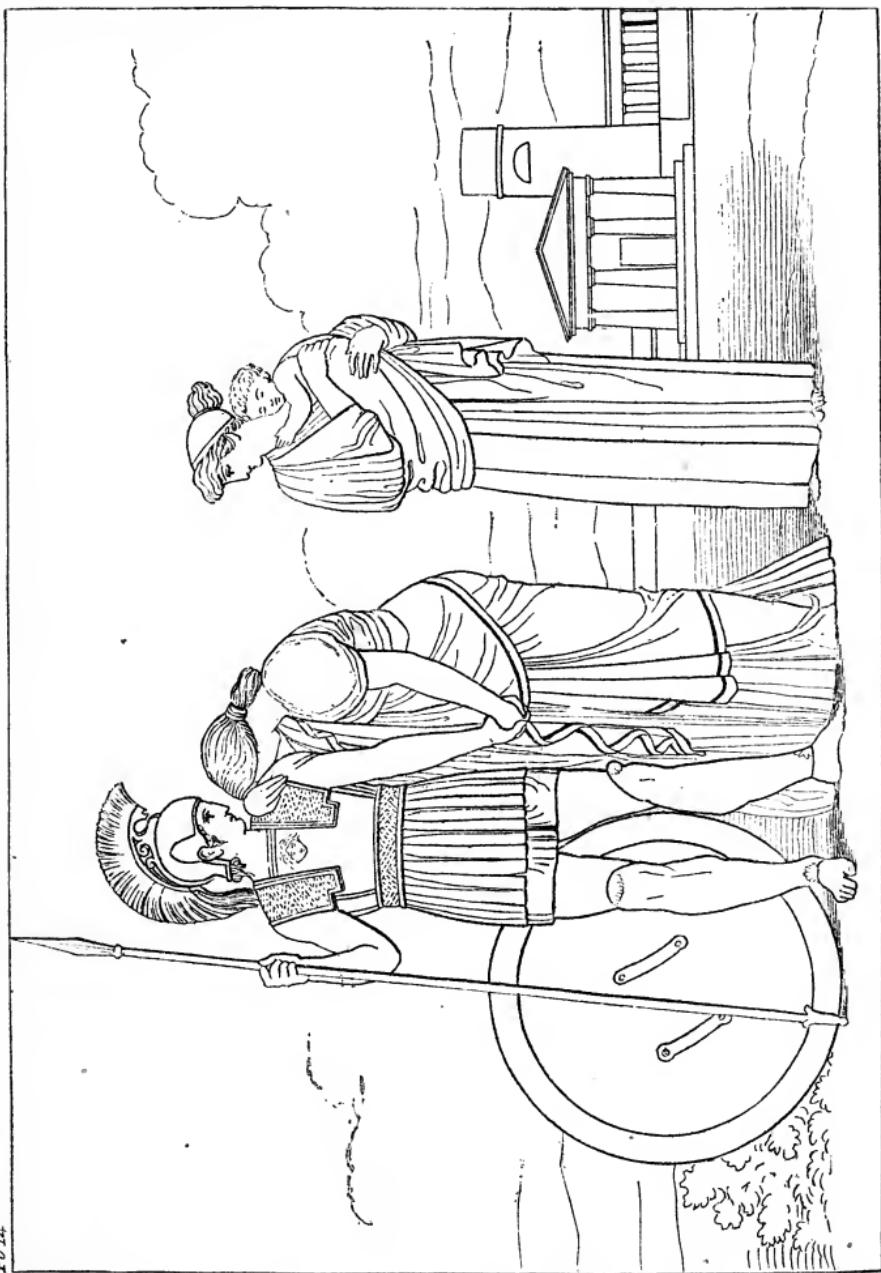
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
485 Fear on her cheek and sorrow in her eye.

The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay ;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
490 Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Eëtion's wealthy heir
(Cilician Thebè great Eëtion sway'd,
495 And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade) :

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
500 To this lov'd infant Heetor gave the name
Seamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream ;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
505 To tender passions all his mighty mind :
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

510 "Too daring prince ! ah whither dost thou run ?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
For sure such courage length of life denies,
515 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose⁴ thee, and thou must be slain !
Oh grant me, gods ! e'er Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb !
520 So shall my days in one sad tenor run,



THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

And end with sorrows as they first begun.

No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,

525 Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!

His fate compassion in the victor bred;

Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,

His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,

And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;

530 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:

The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd;

Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow

A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

“ By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell;

535 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:

While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,

Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!

My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,

The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:

540 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again

Her pleasing empire and her native plain,

When, ah ! opprest by life-consuming woe,

She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

“ Yet while my Hector still survives, I see

545 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:

Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all

Once more will perish if my Hector fall.

Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:

Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !

550 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy.

Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:

Thou from this tow'r defend th' important post.

There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,

That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,

555 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train:

Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

560 The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
565 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains :
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
570 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !):
The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
575 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread :
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !
580 In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes of which so large a part was thine !
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
585 They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife !'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name !
590 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,

Press'd with a load of monumental clay !
 Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
 595 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child ;

600 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods prefer'd a father's pray'r :

" O thou ! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
 605 And all ye deathless pow'r's ! protect my son !
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age !

610 So when, triumphant from successful toils,
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, ' This chief transcends his father's fame ' :
 While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 615 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms ;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.

620 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
 She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued :

" Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
 625 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?

No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
 And such the hard condition of our birth.

630 No force can then resist, no flight can save;
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 635 The field of combat is the sphere for men.
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.

640 His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
 That stream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving slow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
 There, while her tears deplo'rd the godlike man,
 645 Through all her train the soft infection ran:
 The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
 And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
 Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.

650 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
 Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
 The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
 Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
 655 And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides:
 His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
 His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
 660 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,

In arms resplendent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,

665 The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.

To whom the noble Hector thus replied :

“ O chief, in blood, and now in arms, allied !

Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest ;

Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess.

670 What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave,

Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave !

My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,

And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.

Haste then, in all their glorious labours share ;

675 For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.

These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree

We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty :

While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,

And Greece indignant through her seas returns.”

BOOK **XXII**

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer ;
There, safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.

5 Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied pow'rs,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.

Great Hector singly stay'd ; chain'd down by fate,

10 There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate,
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

/ Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The power confest in all his glory burns),

15 " And what " (he cries) " has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue ?
For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.

What boots thee now that Troy forsook the plain ?

20 Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain :
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."

The chief incens'd : " Too partial god of day !
To check my conquests in the middle way :

25 How few in Ilion else had refuge found !
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground !
Thou rob'st me of a glory justly mine,
Pow'rful of Godhead and of fraud divine :

Mean fame, alas ! for one of heav'nly strain,
30 To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."

Then to the city, terrible and strong,
 With high and haughty steps he tow'r'd along :
 So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
 To the near goal with doubled ardor flies.

35 Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
 The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
 Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
 Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
 Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),

40 And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays ;
 Terrific glory ! for his burning breath
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
 So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage ;
 He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age ;

45 He lifts his wither'd arms ; obtests the skies ;
 He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries.
 The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
 Full at the Scaean gates expects the war,
 While the sad father on the rampart stands,

50 And thus abjures him with extended hands :
 " Ah stay not, stay not ! guardless and alone ;
 Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son !
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.

55 Implacable Achilles ! might'st thou be
 To all the gods no dearer than to me !
 Thee vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore !
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,

60 Valiant in vain ! by thy curst arm destroy'd :
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore

65 And loved Lycaon ; now perhaps no more !

Oh ! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne) !

70 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I ! unutterable woe !
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
75 Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles ! enter yet the wall ;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all !
Save thy dear life : or if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
80 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs ;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense ! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain !
85 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain :
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries !
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
90 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor, —
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more !
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state
(Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness), must fall
95 And stain the pavement of my regal hall,
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye, gods ! 'twas well :
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
100 Who dies in youth and vigor dies the best,

Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast.
 But when the fates, in fullness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
 105 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm ;
 This, this is misery ! the last, the worst,
 That man can feel, man, fated to be curst !”

He said, and acting what no words could say,
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.

110 With him the mournful mother bears a part ;
 Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart :
 The zone unbrae'd, her bosom she display'd ;
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said :

“ Have mercy on me, O my son ! revere
 115 The words of age ; attend a parent's pray'r !
 If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast,
 Ah ! do not thus our helpless years forego,
 But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.

120 Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
 Shouldst thou (but heav'n avert it !) shouldst thou bleed,
 Nor must thy corse lie honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear ;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 125 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.”

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll :
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul ;
 Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.

130 So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake,
 When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains ;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 135 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.

Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind :
“ Where lies my way ? to enter in the wall ?
Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall :
140 Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been saved by Hector's flight ?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
145 I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear ;
But most her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
150 No ! If I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust :
Or if I perish, let her see my fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
155 Approach unarm'd, and parly with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town :
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
(Cause of the war and grievance of the land),
160 With honourable justice to restore ;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce ; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought ? Unarm'd if I should go,
165 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow ?
We greet not here as man conversing man,
Met at an oak or journeying o'er a plain ;
No season now for calm, familiar talk,
170 Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk :

War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
To die or triumph, that determine heav'n!"

Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh :
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high ;

175 The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land ;
And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.

As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,

180 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind ;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),

185 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings :
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,

190 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd ;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain ;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad
(A wider compass), smoke along the road.

195 Next by Seamander's double sourcee they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground :
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies ;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,

200 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills ;
Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

205 By these they past, one chasing, one in flight

(The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might);
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day

(Such as in races crown the speedy strife):

210 The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's fun'rals are decreed,
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead,
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame
 (Some golden tripod or some lovely dame),

215 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul:
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky:
 To whom, while eager on the chase they look,

220 The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:

“Unworthy sight! the man belov'd of heav'n,
 Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!

My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
 Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,

225 Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
 From Ida's summits and the towers of Troy:
 Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
 And Fate and fierce Achilles close behind.

Consult, ye pow'rs ('tis worthy your debate)

230 Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
 (Good as he is), the lot impos'd on man?”

Then Pallas thus: “Shall he whose vengeance forms
 The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,

235 Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!

A man, a mortal, pre-ordin'd to death!

And will no murmurs fill the courts above,

No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?”

“Go then” (return'd the sire), “without delay;

240 Exert thy will: I give the fates their way.”

Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn :
245 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes :
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
250 There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft' as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends
(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
255 So oft' Achilles turns him to the plain :
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
One to pursue and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
260 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake :
No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain,
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
What god, O Muse ! assisted Hector's force,
With fate itself so long to hold the course ?
265 Phœbus it was : who, in his latest hour,
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r.
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
270 And leave untouched the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men and things below :
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
275 Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate ;

Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and, triumphing, cries :
“ O lov’d of Jove ! this day our labours cease,
280 And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls ; that Hector, fam’d so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine ! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him nor his god of light.
285 See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll’d at the feet of unrelenting Jove !
Rest here : myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.”

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
290 Obey’d, and rested, on his lance reclin’d,
While like Deiphobus the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),
In show an aid, by hapless Hector’s side
Approach’d, and greets him thus with voice belied :
295 “ Too long, O Hector ! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow’d in thy flight :
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.”

Then he : “ O prince ! allied in blood and fame,
300 Dearer than all that own a brother’s name ;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long tried, long lov’d ; much lov’d, but honour’d more !
Since you, of all our num’rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own.”
305 Again the goddess : “ Much my father’s pray’r,
And much my mother’s, prest me to forbear :
My friends embrac’d my knees, adjur’d my stay,
But stronger love impell’d, and I obey.
Come, then, the glorious conflict let us try,

310 Let the steel sparkle and the jav'lin fly ;
 Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
 Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."

Fraudful she said ; then swiftly march'd before ;
 The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.

315 Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke ;
 His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke :

“Enough, O son of Peleus ! Troy has view'd
 Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
 But now some god within me bids me try

320 Thine or my fate : I kill thee, or I die.

Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
 And for a moment's space suspend the day :
 Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
 The just conditions of this stern debate.

325 (Eternal witnesses of all below,
 And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow !)
 To them I swear : if, victor in the strife,
 Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
 No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue ;

330 Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due),
 The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore :
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.”

“Talk not of oaths” (the dreadful chief replies,
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),

335 “Detested as thou art and ought to be,
 Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee ;
 Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
 Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
 To such I call the gods ! one constant state

340 Of lasting rancour and eternal hate :
 No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
 Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
 Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
 Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.

345 No farther subterfuge, no farther chance ;
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
 Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
 Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

He spoke, and lanch'd his jav'lin at the foe ;
 350 But Hector shun'd the meditated blow ;
 He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
 Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
 Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
 Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
 355 Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
 Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

"The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
 Prince ! you have mist. My fate depends on heav'n.
 To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown
 360 Or what must prove my fortune or thy own.
 Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
 And with false terrors sink another's mind.
 But know, whatever fate I am to try,
 By no dishonest wound shall Hector die ;
 365 I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
 But first, try thou my arm ; and may this dart
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart !"

The weapon flew, its course unerring held ;
 370 Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd
 The mortal dart ; resulting with a bound
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
 Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
 Nor other lance nor other hope remain ;
 375 He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
 In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
 All comfortless he stands : then with a sigh :
 "'Tis so — heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh !
 I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,

380 But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceiv'd me ; Pallas, 'twas thy deed.
Death and black fate approach ! 'Tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
385 Propitious once and kind ! Then welcome fate !
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great :
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire ! ”
Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
390 And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high-balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares ;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
395 Refulgent orb ! Above his fourfold cone
The gilded horsehair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at ev'ry step (Vulcanian frame !) ;
And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
400 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere :
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound ;
405 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance : through that penetrable part
410 Furious he drove the well-directed dart :
Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of speech, unhappy ! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries :

415 "At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain :
Then, prince ! you should have fear'd what now you feel ;
Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
420 Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd ;
While, cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee birds shall mangle and the dogs devour."

425 Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death :
" By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath !
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r ;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear !
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
430 To sooth a father's and a mother's woe ;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."

" No, wretch accurst !" relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),
435 " Not those who gave me breath, shou'd bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join !
No ! to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,
440 And, giving thousands, offer thousands more ;
Should Dardan Priam and his weeping dame
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame ;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."

445 Then thus the chief his dying accents drew :
" Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :
The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree,

450 And angry gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee ;
 Phoebus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."

He ceas'd. The fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;
 455 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
 (The manly body left a load of clay),
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wandring, melancholy ghost !

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes

460 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies :
 "Die thou the first ! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
 I follow thee." — He said, and stripp'd the slain.
 Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
 The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.

465 The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
 His manly beauty and superior size :
 While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
 With wounds ungen'rous or with taunts disgrace :
 "How chang'd that Hector who, like Jove, of late

470 Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate !"

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
 Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands ;
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends :
 "Princes and leaders ! countrymen and friends !

475 Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
 The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
 Is not Troy fall'n already ? Haste, ye pow'rs !
 See if already their deserted tow'rs
 Are left unmann'd ; or if they yet retain

480 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain.
 But what is Troy, or glory what to me ?
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
 Divine Patroclus ! Death has seal'd his eyes :
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies !

485 Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart ?
If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last ; mine, undecay'd,
490 Burn on through death and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece ! in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
'Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.'"

495 Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself and of the dead) :
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted thro' the double wound ;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
500 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds ; the rapid chariot flies ;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

505 Now lost is all that formidable air ;
The face divine and long-descending hair
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand ;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land !
Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng !

510 And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along !
The mother first beheld with sad survey ;
She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
And cast far off the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,

515 While the sad father answers groans with groans ;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe :
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,

520 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 525 While strong affliction gives the feeble force :
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
 Imploring all, and naming one by one :
 530 " Ah ! let me, let me go where sorrow calls ;
 I, only I, will issue from your walls
 (Guide or companion, friends ! I ask ye none),
 And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage ;
 535 Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
 He has a father too ; a man like me ;
 One not exempt from age and misery
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me and all my race).
 540 How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb !
 Thee, Hector ! last : thy loss (divinely brave !)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
 545 The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r !
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief ! ”
 550 Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
 Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears) :
 “ Ah ! why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,

555 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death ?

O Hector ! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations ! the defence of Troy !
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god !

560 O fatal change ! become in one sad day

A senseless corpse ! inanimated clay ! ”

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,

565 Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.

Far in the close recesses of the dome
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom ;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.

570 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,

The bath preparing for her lord's return :

In vain ; alas ! her lord returns no more !

Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore !

Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,

575 And all her members shake with sudden fear ;

Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,

As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls :

“ Ah, follow me ! ” (she cried) “ what plaintiff noise
Invades my ear ? ” Tis sure my mother's voice.

580 My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert,

A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.

Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate

(Ye gods avert it !) threatens the Trojan state.

Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest !

585 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast

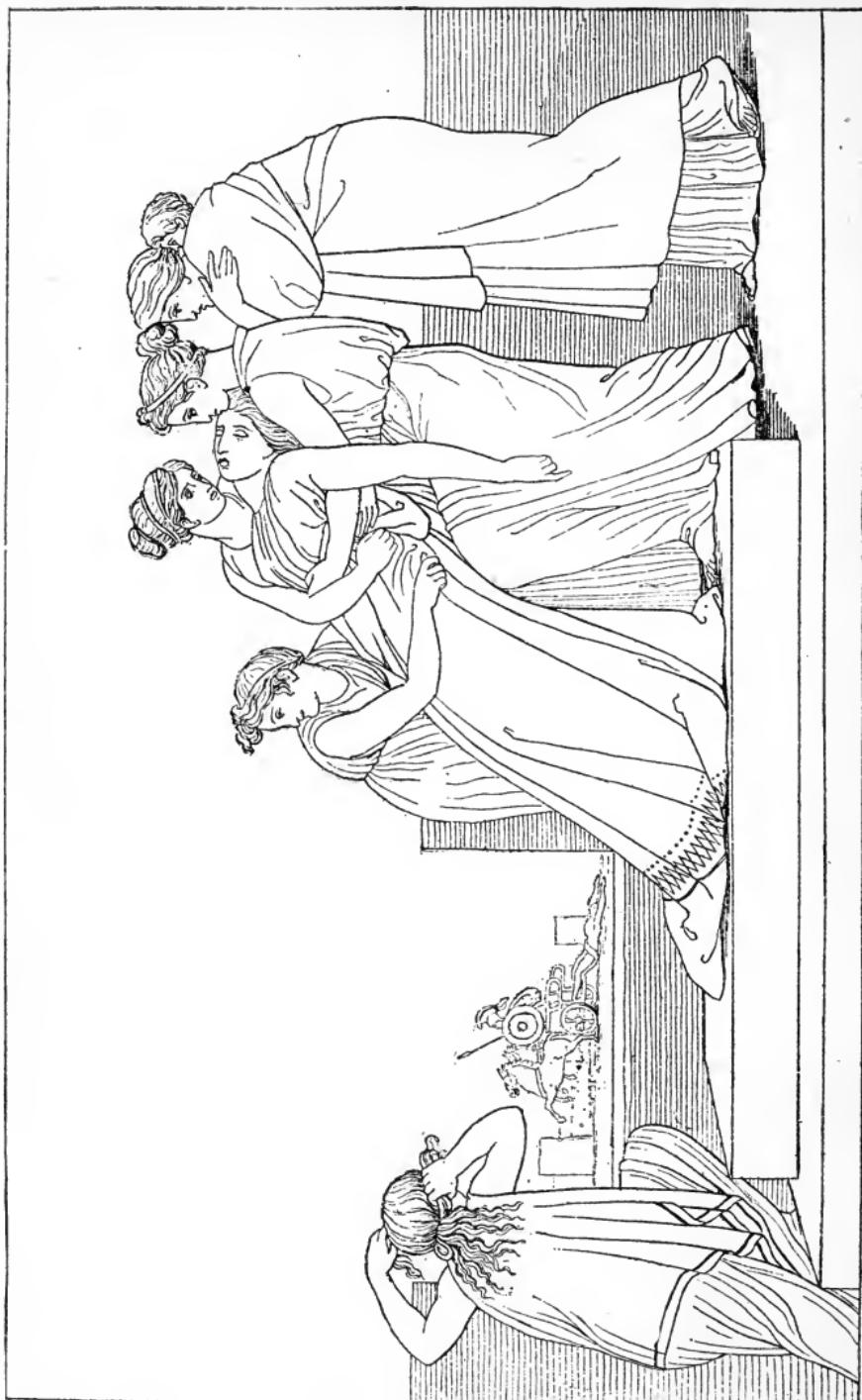
Confronts Achilles ; chas'd along the plain,

Shut from our walls ! I fear, I fear him slain !

Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,

And sought for glory in the jaws of fate :





ANDROMACHE FAINTING ON THE WALL

590 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."

She spoke; and, furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome (the maids her step pursue),

595 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.

600 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,

605 To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain:
"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!

610 For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes, we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Eëtion ow'd,

615 And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been! — O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!

620 An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,

625 What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come !
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :
630 He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears ;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee ;
While those his father's former bounty fed
635 Nor reach the goblet nor divide the bread :
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion ! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
640 Shall cry, ' Begone ! thy father feasts not here :'
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears !
Fore'd by repeated insults to return,
645 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported and on dainties fed,
And, when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
650 Must — ah ! what must he not ? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector ! li'st expos'd in air,
655 Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day !

660 Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
And honour to the living, not the dead ! ”

So spake the mournful dame : her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIV

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand :
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.

5 Not so Achilles : he, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,

10 And all his soul on his Patroclus fed :
The form so pleasing and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measur'd and what fields they fought ; —

15 All pass'd before him in remembrance dear :
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay ;
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day ;
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes

20 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd ;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.

25 And thrice, Patroclus ! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes ;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
But not deserted by the pitying skies.

30 For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care ;
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds and tainting air ;
 And, ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
 35 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe :
 But Neptune this and Pallas this denies,
 And th' unrelenting empress of the skies :
 E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
 40 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene),
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
 To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke :
 "Unpitying pow'rs ! how oft each holy fane
 45 Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain ?
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue ?
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view ?
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
 The last sad honours of the fun'ral fire ?
 50 Is then the dire Achilles all your care ?
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe ;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride ?
 Who haste to murder with a savage joy ;
 55 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy ?
 Shame is not of his soul; nor understood
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind ;
 60 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done :
 Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear,
 But this insatiate the commission giv'n

65 By fate exceeds ; and tempts the wrath of heav'n :
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
 Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong !
 Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of man and God."

70 " If equal honours by the partial skies
 Are doom'd both heroes " (Juno thus replies) ;
 " If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
 Then hear, ye gods ! the patron of the bow.
 But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,

75 His birth deriving from a mortal dame :

Achilles, of your own ethereal race,
 Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace
 (A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n) :

80 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
 Yourselves were present ; where this minstrel-god
 (Well-pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
 Stood proud to him, and tuned his youthful lyre."

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial dame :

85 " Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame ;
 Their merits nor their honours are the same.
 But mine and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race :
 Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay

90 (The only honours men to gods can pay) :
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceast
 The pure libation and the holy feast.

Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away
 We will not : Thetis guards it night and day.

95 But haste, and summon to our courts above
 The azure queen ; let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave."

He added not : and Iris from the skies

100 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies ;
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
 Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
 And rocky Imbros lifts its pointed heads,
 105 Down plung'd the maid (the parted waves resound) ;
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
 As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight ;
 So past the goddess through the closing wave
 110 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave :
 'There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main),
 Pensive she sate, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
 115 Then thus the goddess of the painted bow :
 "Arise, O Thetis ! from thy seats below ;
 Tis Jove that calls." "And why" (the dame replies)
 "Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies ?
 Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight !
 120 Ah ! may my sorrows ever shun the light !
 Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty sire obey'd."
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad ;
 And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.
 125 Then through the world of waters they repair
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
 The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies.
 There in the light'ning's blaze the sire they found,
 130 And all the gods in shining synod round.
 Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
 (Minerva rising gave the mourner place) ;
 E'en Juno sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl :

135 She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:
“Thou com’st, fair Thetis, but with grief o’ercast,
Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares;
140 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector’s cause have mov’d the ear of Jove;
’Twas voted Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will’d not so:
145 We will thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then lie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav’n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
150 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom, and the father’s pray’r.
The mournful father Iris shall prepare
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate’er his honour asks, or heart demands.”

155 His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus’ snowy tops descends.
Arriv’d, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
160 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.
The goddess seats her by her pensive son:
She prest his hand, and tender thus begun:
“How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow,
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe,
165 Mindless of food or love, whose pleasing reign
Soothes weary life and softens human pain?
Oh snatch the moments yet within thy pow’r;
Nor long to live, indulge the am’rous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove’s command I bear)

170 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead ;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain."

175 To whom Achilles : " Be the ransom giv'n,
And we submit ; since such the will of heav'n."

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs :
" Haste, winged goddess ! to the sacred town,
180 And urge her monarch to redeem his son ;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive :
Alone, for so we will : no Trojan near ;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,

185 Some aged herald who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death nor let him danger dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led :
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,

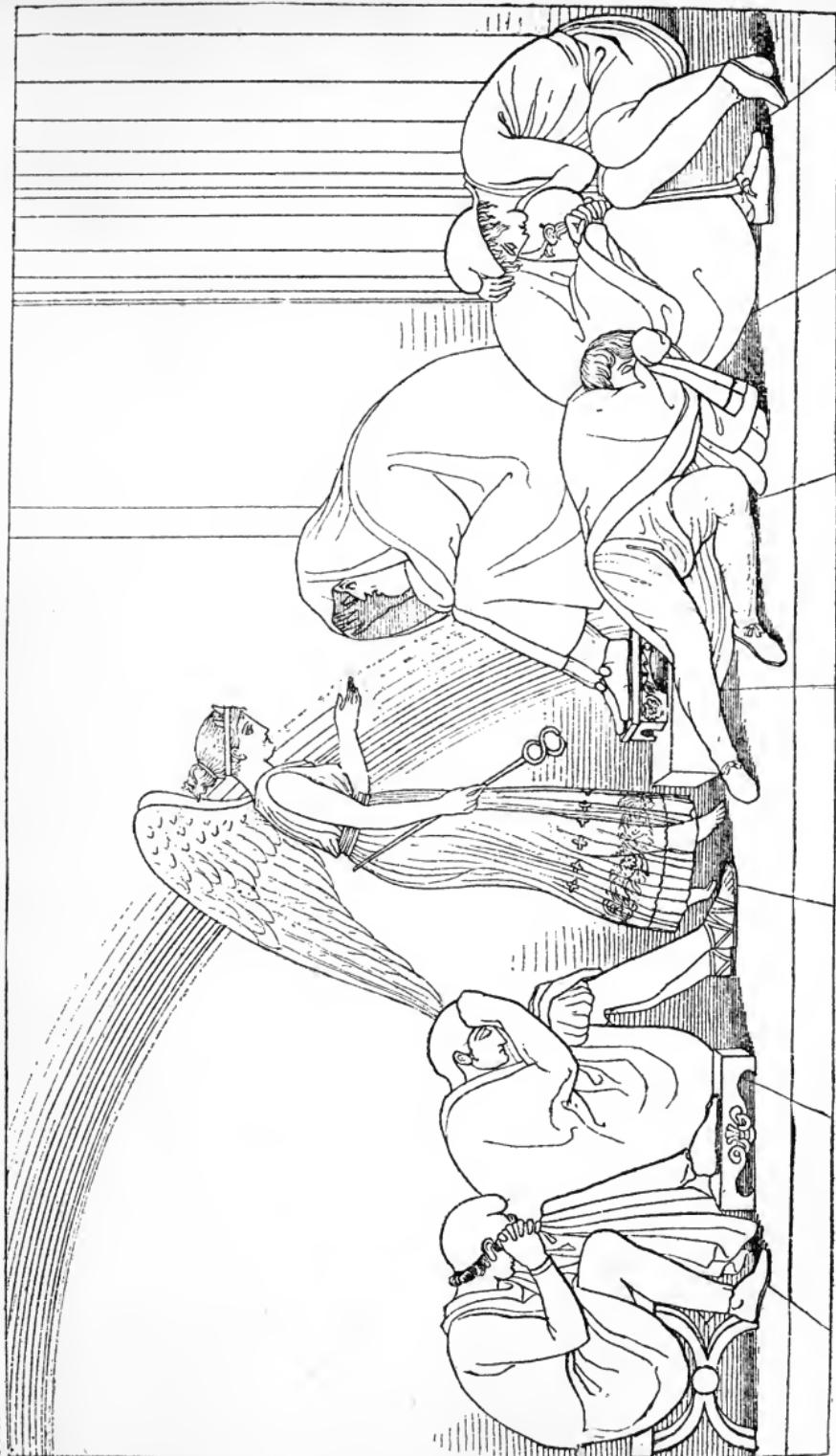
190 Guard of his life and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair :
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."

195 Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives ;
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire

200 (Sad scene of woe !) : his face his wrapt attire
Conceal'd from sight ; with frantic hands he spread
A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam,
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome ;

205 Mindful of those who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:
 “Fear not, O father! no ill news I bear;
210 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
215 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor shalt thou death nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
220 Guard of thy life and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.”

225 She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:
His pious sons the king's commands obey.
Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
230 Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
 “Unhappy consort of a king distrest!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
235 I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corse of Hector at yon' navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
240 Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.”



IRIS ADVISES PRIAM TO OBTAIN THE BODY OF HECTOR

The hoary monarch thus: her piercing cries
 Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
 "Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind;
 And where the prudence now, that aw'd mankind
 245 Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known,
 Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?
 Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
 (O heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
 To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
 250 Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
 Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare;
 And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
 So brave, so many fall'n! to calm his rage
 Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
 255 No! — pent in this sad palace, let us give
 To grief the wretched days we have to live.
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own and to his parents' woe!
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun
 260 To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
 Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
 My rage, and these barbarities repay!
 For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly in inactive death:
 265 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
 And fell a hero in his country's right."
 "Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
 With words of omen like a bird of night"
 (Replied unmov'd the venerable man):
 270 "'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
 Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
 Nor augur, priest, nor seer had been obey'd.
 A present goddess brought the high command:
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
 275 I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:

If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
 Content: by the same hand let me expire !
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire !
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
 280 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood ! ”

Forth from his open'd stores, this said, he drew
 Twelve costly carpets of r fulgent hue ;
 As many vests, as many mantles told,
 And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold ;
 285 Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
 With ten pure talents from the richest mine ;
 And last a large, well-labour'd bowl had place
 (The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace) :
 Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
 290 For one last look to buy him back to Troy !

Lo ! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
 Around him furious drives his menial train :
 In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
 Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
 295 “ What make ye here, officious crowds ! ” (he cries)
 “ Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
 Have ye no griefs at home to fix ye there ?
 Am I the only object of despair ?
 Am I become my people's common show,
 300 Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe ?
 No, you must feel him too : yourselves must fall ;
 The same stern god to ruin gives you all.
 Nor is great Hector lost by me alone :
 Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone !
 305 I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown ;
 I see the ruins of your smoking town !
 Oh send me, gods, ere that sad day shall come,
 A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome ! ”
 He said, and feebly drives his friends away :
 310 The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.

Next on his sons his erring fury falls,

Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;

His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,

Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the seer,

315 And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet these nine

Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line:

“Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!

Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?

Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,

320 You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!

Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,

With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,

And last great Hector, more than man divine,

For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!—

325 All those relentless Mars untimely slew,

And left me these, a soft and servile crew,

Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,

Gluttons and flatt'lers, the contempt of Troy!

Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,

330 And speed my journey to redeem my son?”

The sons their father's wretched age revere,

Forgive his anger, and produce the car.

High on the seat the cabinet they bind;

The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd:

335 Box was the yoke, embost with costly pains,

And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:

Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;

These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,

Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,

340 And close beneath the gather'd ends were tied.

Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)

The sad attendants load the groaning wain:

Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring

(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king);

345 But the fair horses, long his darling care,

Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car :
 Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied ;
 The hoary herald help'd him at his side.

While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
 350 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind ;

A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine
 (Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine)

Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands :

355 "Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
 His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.

Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
 Heav'n or thy soul inspire this bold design :

Pray to that god who, high on Ida's brow,

360 Surveys thy desolated realms below,

His winged messenger to send from high,

And lead the way with heav'nly augury :

Let the strong sov'reign of the plumpy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space.

365 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,

Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove ;

But if the god his augury denies,

Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."

""Tis just" (said Priam) "to the Sire above

370 To raise our hands ; for who so good as Jove ?"

He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
 The purest water of the living spring

(Her ready hands the ewer and bason held) ;

Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd ;

375 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,

Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine :

"O first and greatest ! heav'n's imperial lord !

On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd !

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,

380 And teach him mercy when a father prays.

If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky

Thy sacred bird, cœlestial augury !
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plamy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon ethereal space :
 385 So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
 Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."

Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
 Despatch'd his bird, cœlestial augury !
 The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
 390 And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
 Wide as appears some palace gate display'd,
 So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
 As, stooping dexter with resounding wings,
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.

395 A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears ;
 The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
 Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung ;
 The brazen portal in his passage rung.
 The mules, preceding, draw the loaded wain,
 400 Charg'd with the gifts ; Idæus holds the rein :
 The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
 And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
 On his slow wheels the following people wait,
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate ;
 405 With hands uplifted, eye him as he past,
 And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.
 Now forward fares the father on his way,
 Through the lone fields and back to Ilion they.
 Great Jove beheld him as he crost the plain,
 410 And felt the woes of miserable man.
 Then thus to Hermes : "Thou, whose constant cares
 Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs !
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd ;
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
 415 Go, guard the sire ; th' observing foe prevent,
 And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."

The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,
420 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main;
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.

425 A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king,

430 Their chariot stopping at the silver spring
That cireling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:

435 "I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care;
For much I fear destruction hovers nigh.
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall

440 (Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call?"

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame;

445 When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:

"Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along

450 Through Grecian foes so num'rous and so strong?
What couldst thou hope, shouldst these thy treasures view,

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue ?
 For what defence, alas ! couldst thou provide ?
 Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.

455 Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread ;
 From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head ;
 From Greece I'll guard thee, too ; for in those lines
 The living image of my father shines."

“ Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,

460 Are true, my son ! ” (the godlike sire rejoin'd)

“ Great are my hazards ; but the gods survey
 My steps and send thee, guardian of my way.
 Hail ! and be blest ! for scarce of mortal kind
 Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.”

465 “ Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide ”

(The sacred messenger of heav'n replied) ;

“ But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plains
 What yet most precious of thy store remains,
 To lodge in safety with some friendly hand,

470 Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land ?

Or fly'st thou now ? What hopes can Troy retain,
 Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain ? ”

The king, alarm'd : “ Say what and whence thou art,
 Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,

475 And know so well how godlike Hector died ? ”

Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied :

“ You tempt me, father, and with pity touch :
 On this sad subject you inquire too much.

Oft have these eyes the godlike Hector view'd

480 In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbru'd :

I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he tost
 On thousand ships; and wither'd half a host :

I saw, but help'd not ; stern Achilles' ire
 Forbad assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.

485 For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race ;

One ship convey'd us from our native place ;

Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old, like thyself, and not unknown to fame ;
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
490 To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls ;
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls :
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.”

495 “If then thou art of stern Pelides' train ”
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),
“ Ah, tell me truly, where, oh ! where are laid
My son's dear relics ? what befalls him dead ?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
500 Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains ? ”

“ O favor'd of the skies ! ” (thus answer'd then
The pow'r that mediates between gods and men)
“ Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent :
505 This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead ;
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
510 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majestical in death ! No stains are found
O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound ;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :
515 Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.”
Thus spoke to Priam the cœlest guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire replied :
“ Blest is the man who pays the gods above
520 The constant tribute of respect and love !
Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r

My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
 And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
 Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.

525 But thou, O gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
 A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
 And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
 Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."

To whom the latent god: "O king, forbear
 530 To tempt my youth! for apt is youth to err:
 But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
 What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
 Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.

535 Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;
 And as the crime I dread the consequence.
 Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
 On thee attend, thy safety to maintain

540 O'er pathless forests or the roaring main."

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
 And snatch'd the reins and whirl'd the lash around:
 Before th' inspiring god that urged them on
 The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.

545 And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
 The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
 On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
 And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes;
 Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,

550 And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.

Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
 And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
 Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore,
 555 And fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state
 (The work of soldiers), where the hero sate.

Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
 A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
 Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
 560 But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate.
 This Hermes (such the pow'r of gods) set wide ;
 Then swift alighted the cœlestial guide,
 And thus, reveal'd : "Hear, prince ! and understand
 Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand :
 565 Hermes I am, descended from above,
 The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
 Farewell : to shun Achilles' sight I fly ;
 Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
 Nor stand confess to frail mortality.
 570 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs ;
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
 His son, his mother ! urge him to bestow
 Whatever pity that stern heart can know."
 Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
 575 And in a moment shot into the skies :
 The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
 And left his aged herald on the car.
 With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
 And found Achilles in his inner tent :
 580 There sate the hero ; Alcimus the brave
 And great Automedon attendance gave ;
 These serv'd his person at his royal feast ;
 Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
 Unseen by these, the king his entry made ;
 585 And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
 Sudden (a venerable sight !) appears ;
 Embrac'd his knees and bath'd his hands in tears ;
 Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbru'd
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood !
 590 As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
 Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)

Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd :
 All gaze, all wonder : thus Achilles gaz'd :
 Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise ;
 595 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes :
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
 Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke :
 " Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'r's divine !
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
 600 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face ;
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !
 In all my equal but in misery !
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
 605 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ;
 Think, from some pow'rful foe thou see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise ;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes ;
 610 And, hearing, still may hope a better day
 May send him thee to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain ;
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain !
 Yet what a race ! ere Greece to Ilion came,
 615 The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame !
 Nineteen one mother bore — dead, all are dead !
 How oft, alas, has wretched Priam bled !
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense ;
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.
 620 Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel,
 Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell !
 For him thro' hostile camps I bent my way ;
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;
 Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear :
 625 Oh, hear the wretched, and the gods revere !
 Think of thy father, and this face behold !

See him in me, as helpless and as old ;
Though not so wretched : there he yields to me,
The first of men in sov'reign misery :
630 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race ;
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore ! ”

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
635 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.

Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.

Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe ;
And now the mingled tides together flow :

640 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son, deplore :
But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran ;
645 One universal solemn show'r began ;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose :

The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd ;
650 On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,

Not unrelenting : then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man :

“ Alas ! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince ! thus guardless and alone

655 To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race !

Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.

Rise then : let reason mitigate our care :

660 To mourn avails not : man is born to bear.
Such is, alas ! the gods' severe decree ;

They, only they are blest, and only free.
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good;
 665 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills ;
 To most he mingles both : the wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed ;
 Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
 670 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n.
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
 Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r ?
 What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour !
 675 A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n,
 Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n !
 One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day ;
 No race succeeding to imperial sway :
 An only son ! and he (alas !) ordain'd
 680 To fall untimely in a foreign land !
 See him in Troy the pious care decline
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine !
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld ;
 In riches once, in children once excell'd ;
 685 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
 But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
 690 What sees the sun but hapless heroes' falls ?
 War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls !
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead ;
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
 695 But thou, alas ! mayst live, to suffer more ! ”
 To whom the king : “ O favour'd of the skies !

Here let me grow to earth ! since Hector lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
Oh give me Hector ! to my eyes restore
700 His corse, and take the gifts ! I ask no more :
Thou, as thou mayst, these boundless stores enjoy ;
Safe mayst thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy ;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live ! ”

705 “ Move me no more,” (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes) ;
“ Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend ;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend :
For know, from Jove my goddess mother came
710 (Old Ocean’s daughter, silver-footed dame) ;
Nor com’st thou but by heav’n, nor com’st alone ;
Some god impels with courage not thy own :
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr’d.
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar’d
715 To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.
Cease ; lest, neglectful of high Jove’s command,
I shew thee, king, thou tread’st on hostile land !
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o’er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.”

720 The sire obey’d him, trembling and o’eraw’d.
Achilles like a lion rush’d abroad ;
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
Whom most he honour’d since he lost his friend ;
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
725 And led the hoary herald to the tent ;
Next, heap’d on high, the num’rous presents bear
(Great Hector’s ransom) from the polish’d car.
Two splendid mantles and a carpet spread
They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead :
730 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,

Apart from Priam ; lest th' unhappy sire,
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides ; and nor sacred age

735 Nor Jove's command should check the rising rage.
 This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread ;
 Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed :
 Then, while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade :

740 " If, in that gloom which never light must know,
 The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below,
 O friend ! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
 (Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.
 The gifts the father gave be ever thine,
 745 To grace thy manes and adorn thy shrine."

He said, and entring took his seat of state,
 Where full before him rev'rend Priam sate :
 To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun :
 " Lo ! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son

750 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies ;
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
 Demand refection, and to rest invite :

755 Nor thou, O father ! thus consum'd with woe,
 The common cares that nourish life forego.
 Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
 A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine :
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,

760 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades ;
 These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
 Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line ;
 765 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd ;
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.

Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead ;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
770 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone) :
The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was heav'n's high will),
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill ;
775 Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings :
There high on Sipylus his shaggy brow
She stands, her own sad monument of woe ;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
780 Such griefs, O king ! have other parents known :
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd ;
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd ;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
785 And all the eyes of Ilion stream around."

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide :
790 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd :
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
795 And each, indulging, shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest ;
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size ;
800 Here youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there the mild benevolence of age.

Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke
(A solemn scene!); at length the father spoke :

“ Permit me now, belov’d of Jove, to steep

805 My careful temples in the dew of sleep :

For since the day that number’d with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs !

810 Till now, encourag’d by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.”

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft and shaggy carpets spread ;
Forth by the flaming lights they bend their way,

815 And place the couches, and the cov’rings lay.

Then he : “ Now, father, sleep ; but sleep not here ;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel or our orders take),

820 Approaching sudden to our open tent,
Perchance behold thee and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour’d person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer.

But say with speed, if aught of thy desire

825 Remains unmask’d, what time the rites require
T’ inter thy Hector ? For so long we stay
Our slaught’ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.”

“ If then thy will permit” (the monarch said)
“ To finish all due honours to the dead,

830 This of thy grace accord : to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos’d within her town ;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide and forests for the fire.

Nine days to vent our sorrows I request ;

835 The tenth shall see the fun’ral and the feast ;
The next to raise his monument be giv’n ;

The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n ! ”

“ This thy request ” (replied the chief) “ enjoy :
Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy.”

840 Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent,
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.

But in the porch the king and herald rest,
845 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.

Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake ;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts and the watch to blind.

850 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head,
And, “ Sleep'st thou, father ? ” (thus the vision said)
“ Now dost thou sleep when Hector is restor'd ?
Nor fear the Grecian foes nor Grecian lord ?
Thy presence here shou'd stern Atrides see,
855 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee ;
May offer all thy treasures yet contain
To spare thy age ; and offer all in vain.”

Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
And rais'd his friend : the god before him goes :
860 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
The winged deity forsook their view,
865 And in a moment to Olympus flew.

Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day.
Charg'd with their mournful load to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
870 Cassandra first beholds from Ilion's spire
The sad procession of her hoary sire ;

Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier.
A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,

875 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries :

“ Turn here your steps and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters and ye sons of Troy !
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds with vast delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
880 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow !
Your common triumph and your common woe.”

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
Nor man nor woman in the walls remains :
In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,
885 And Troy sends forth one universal groan.

At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek and rend their scatter'd hair :

890 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay ;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day ;
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose :
“ Forbear ” (he cried) “ this violence of woes ;
First to the palace let the car proceed,

895 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.”
The waves of people at his word divide ;
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide :
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait :
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.

900 A melancholy choir attend around
With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound :
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe ;
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
905 And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew ;

Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw :
And, "O my Hector! O my lord!" she cries ;
"Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes !
910 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains !
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
915 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes ;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink, a smoking ruin, on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?
920 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore !
Thou too, my son ! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe ;
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword,
925 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord :
Or else some Greek, whose father prest the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
930 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe :
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe !
Thence, many evils his sad parents bore ;
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand ?
935 And why receiv'd not I thy last command ?
Some word thou wouldest have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear ;
Which never, never could be lost in air ;
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there !"
940 Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan ;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part :
 “ O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart !
 Of all my race thou most by heav’n approv’d,
 945 And by th’ immortals ev’n in death belov’d !
 While all my other sons in barb’rous bands
 Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
 This felt no chains, but went, a glorious ghost,
 Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
 950 Sentenc’d, ’tis true, by his inhuman doom,
 Thy noble corse was dragg’d around the tomb
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain) ;
 Ungen’rous insult, impotent and vain !
 Yet glow’st thou fresh with ev’ry living grace,
 955 No mark of pain or violence of face ;
 Rosy and fair ! as Phœbus’ silver bow
 Dismiss’d thee gently to the shades below.”
 Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears :
 960 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries :
 “ Ah, dearest friend ! in whom the gods had join’d
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind ;
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o’er
 965 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore
 (Oh had I perish’d, ere that form divine
 Seduc’d this soft, this easy heart of mine !) ;
 Yet was it ne’er my fate from thee to find
 A deed ungentle or a word unkind :
 970 When others curst the auth’ress of their woe,
 Thy pity check’d my sorrows in their flow :
 If some proud brother ey’d me with disdain,
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
 Thy gentle accents soften’d all my pain.
 975 For thee I mourn ; and mourn myself in thee,
 The wretched source of all this misery !

The fate I caus'd for ever I bemoan ;
 Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone !
 Through Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
 980 In Troy deserted, as abhor'd at home !”

So spoke the fair with sorrow-streaming eye ;
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by ;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows ;
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose :
 985 “ Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites require,
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre ;
 Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread ;
 Achilles grants these honours to the dead.”

He spoke ; and at his word the Trojan train
 990 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
 Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
 Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
 995 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
 And plac'd aloft : while all, with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 1000 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase ;
 1005 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd
 Of softest texture and inwrought with gold.
 Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
 (Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
 1010 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun).
 All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,

A solemn, silent, melancholy train :
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest ;
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.

1015 Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

NOTES

ARGUMENTS

The student should read the explanatory portion of the Introduction, particularly pp. vii–xiii, and the synopsis of the entire plot on pp. 3–16, before he begins the reading of Book I. This synopsis of the Argument (pp. 3–16) is reprinted from Pope's original edition.

Page 3 **Calchas** is the chief priest and prophet in the Greek army besieging Troy.

Thetis, the sea-nymph, is Achilles' mother. To be near her son, perhaps, she has left her mortal husband, and returned to the palace of her father, in the depths of the *Ægean* Sea.

Jupiter, *i.e.* Zeus, king of gods: **Juno**, Hera, his wife: **Vulcan**, Hephaestus, the smith-god. It is perhaps well, even in reading aloud, to substitute the true Greek names of the divinities.

4 **Ulysses**. Odysseus, whose home return is described in the *Odyssey*. In such cases as this the Romans have not substituted another hero, but simply mispronounced the Greek name.

Paris. Also called Alexander; the guilty cause of the war.

5 **Venus**. Aphrodite, goddess of love, who especially protects Paris and Helen. **Æneas** is her son by a mortal, the Trojan Anchises.

Minerva. Athenè or Pallas, goddess of wisdom and war, Zeus' favorite daughter, who alone may borrow his arms.

Æneas. Kinsman and son-in-law of King Priam, second in prowess to Hector. Homer seems to represent him as outliving the siege, reviving the Trojan power, and founding a long line of local kings. Virgil in the great Latin epic, the *Æneid*, makes **Æneas** migrate to Italy, where he becomes the progenitor of the Romans.

Mars. Ares, the war-god.

Pergamus. The citadel of Troy, on which the temple of Pallas and the royal palaces stand.

7 **Tartarus.** A dark region beneath the abode of the dead, where Zeus holds imprisoned his own father, Kronos, and his kinsmen, the Titans.

10 **Neptune.** Poseidon, Zeus' brother, lord of the sea.

16 **Mercury.** Hermes, the messenger of the gods. In the other books of the *Iliad*, however, only Iris has this duty.

BOOK I

Verses 1-2 These verses have been printed in most or all editions since Pope's death, thus :

“ Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly goddess, sing.”

Pope certainly did not so write in 1715, and whoever made the change made it for the worse. The subject is announced in the first word of the Greek text, *mēnin*: wrath. Pope rightly imitated this arrangement. “ Heav'nly goddess,” again, is a wearisome repetition. It is pleasanter to believe that Pope's editors made these changes after his death.

2 **goddess.** No doubt the Muse, who is invoked in the first line of the *Odyssey*. But the number nine for the Muses, and their names, probably first appeared in Hesiod, a somewhat later poet. More modern epics generally have a similar invocation. See especially the beginning of *Paradise Lost*, with its combined Hellenic imagery and Christian faith. Virgil began, “ Arms and a hero I sing,” invoking the Muse later.

7 **Atrides.** Son of Atreus: either Menelaus, or, as here, Agamemnon.

8 Notice the Alexandrine, or twelve-syllable line, occasionally used for emphasis.

The first *e* of sovereign is “ elided.” Pope does not permit trisyllabic feet, so any superfluous vowel must be carefully effaced. Compare vss. 13, *rev'rend*; 100, *pow'r*; 208, *t'*; 209, *th'*; etc. English poetry since Coleridge is much less

rigid as to the exact number of syllables. Indeed, Pope is far more precise, and monotonous, than Shakespeare or Milton. For a rare exception, see vs. 17, where the *i* of *suppliant* could not be cut out, and we must scan

— ∘ ∘ ∘ — ∘ ∘ — ∘ .

11 **Latona, Leto.** Her son by Zeus, Apollo, is always in harmony with his father, is the god of oracles, the archer, probably by origin a sun-god.

12 A typical example of Pope's worst rhetoric. Homer would not mention mountains unless he really wished us to see them. Pope saw none, but simply chose this as a resounding phrase. Homer's words, "the people were perishing," needed no extravagant metaphor to emphasize them.

15 Chryses' speech is curt, fearless, and rather threatening than submissive. "Lowly bending down," is merely Pope's notion of etiquette in the royal presence. "Laurel crown" is quite out of place. Homer knows nothing of the nymph Daphne, wooed too ardently by Apollo and transformed into the laurel to escape him. This is a later invention to explain the prominence of the laurel in Apollo's worship. Chryses, as a suppliant, simply carries his priestly fillets, wound about his staff.

27-30 What he really says in Homer is merely:

"Ransom accept from me, and release my daughter beloved,
Dreading the wrath of the son of Zeus, far-shooting Apollo."

30 **Phœbus**, an epithet, often a name, for Apollo.

32 **the fair.** The fair lady, Chryseis. Such phrases are the common stock of courtly gallantry, and we must not judge Pope's personal taste too much by his free use of them. Homer actually makes no allusion to Chryseis here, saying only:

"Bade him revere the priest, and accept the munificent ransom."

35 The poet usually treats Agamemnon with the respectful tone due to a king; but the reader will notice that his words and acts are almost always rash, foolish, or wicked.

45 **Argos** is, in Homer, not a city, but an early name for the Peloponnesus, or the greater part of it, over which Aga-

memnon rules. His capital is Mycenæ. Very early in the historical period Mycenæ was overthrown by its neighbor city Argos, which "annexed" even its legends. Hence arose much confusion, both in Greek and in modern poetry.

52 Is wholly Pope's. Apollo is apparently, by origin, a sun-god; but the Homeric Greeks were probably not conscious of it, if it was so. In many relations he is entirely disconnected with the sun, who is called Helios and Hyperion. In this scene his arrows seem to be suggested by the fierce rays of the midsummer sun, which might well breed a pestilence in such a camp and on such a field of battle. But the Greeks took a personal interest in their gods, collecting and retelling good stories about them, which are not to be explained away as parables from phenomena in the sky, or in any one simple fashion. Some myths are crude, some beautiful. Their origins are as varied as the experience and thoughts of man. The work of savage, philosopher, poet, historian, is embedded in them.

53-56 **Smintheus** is a rare epithet of Apollo. Tenedos is an island near the Troad. The towns, Cilla and Chrysa, seem to have been near Troy.

65-66 Homer only says, "and like to the night he came." Even that would be strange for a sun-god! Here is no nature-myth, but a being thoroughly alive and human. We can only wish all the Homeric gods were as dignified, as righteous, as divine, as Apollo here appears.

72 Cremation is the ordinary custom in Homer.

74 Hera, like Pallas, always favors the Greeks. The story of the strife of these two goddesses with Aphrodite for the prize of beauty, which Paris awards to the goddess of love, is apparently later than Homer. The one awkward and slight allusion to that tale, early in Book XXIV., is pretty clearly a late interpolation in Homer's text. See note on XXIV. 38-41. Every direct mention of Achilles should be carefully noted, since on his character the whole plot turns. Here we first see him leaping forth as fearless champion for the general safety. The whole army is called together, apparently, though only the chief generals are expressly mentioned in the next scene.

81-82 The origin of such rhymes is far from clear. These words may both really have had at some time the vowel sound of *fur*. So *love* and *move* may once have been real rhymes. Some critics contend that an occasional imperfect rhyme is excusable, or even desirable, as an escape from monotony.

94 Pope quite frequently omits minor statements which are, from his point of view, uninteresting or incredible. Thus Homer added here :

“Calchas had led the Achaians’ ships to the land of the Trojans,
Thro’ his prophetic power, that Phœbus Apollo accorded.”

97 Calchas intimates that the truth may enrage Agamemnon. Achilles promptly agrees to protect the priest, even against the supreme commander.

119-120 For the rhyme, see note on vss. 81-82.

124 **black-ey’d** is quite wrong. The Homeric types of ideal beauty are usually fair, not dark. The word used here probably means either “bright-eyed,” or “with quick-glancing eyes.”

131 Agamemnon’s folly here is especially plain. The priest is blamed for the events he foresees, or for the feelings of the gods, which he reveals to blinder men ! Still the very blindness, violence, and injustice of the commander give him a very large share in the tragic story.

143 **Clytæmnestra.** Agamemnon’s wife, who murdered him on his return from the long war. She is fitly said to have been Helen’s sister. She is the most splendid and terrible figure in the masterpiece of ancient tragedy, the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus. The outline, at least, of her career must have been familiar to the poet’s original auditors, who would realize that Agamemnon’s shameless words in this passage are to be fearfully atoned for. Of course there is constant danger of applying our own ideas of morality to Homer’s magnificent but half-savage people. These ill-fated women, Chryseïs and Briseïs, are thought of as the lawful spoil of their captors. Agamemnon is simply insisting on the commander’s due share. Still, the poet shows an unmistakable feeling for the doom of the captive and slave, especially of helpless women ; and the vengeance of the wronged wife is a motive perfectly natural in any age or country. Indeed, Agamemnon is wronging Achilles almost exactly as Paris

had injured Menelaus, and Achilles himself afterward remarks on this in a burst of indignant eloquence (Book IX.). In general, Homer's characters are to be admired, or condemned, on broad human lines—the more as they must have been essentially created by the poet himself.

161-162 One of Pope's best insertions. Notice the alliteration and the neat antithesis between *tyrants* and *slaves*. The rhyme is agreeable in sound, and falls on words important enough to bear it. As rhetoric it is masterly. Pope smiled.

174 In such a line Pope's printer uses capitals very effectively :

“A Treasure worthy Her and worthy Me.”

In general, the capital letters are often helpful to emphasis or sense. Thus, in vs. 210, the adjective is used substantively :

“But thine, Ungrateful ;”

and see especially XXII. 525, a rather blind line, where the reading,

“Strong Affliction gives the Feeble Force,”

makes more clear the true meaning, viz. that desperation lends strength even to feeble mortals.

177-178 Like King Creon's in Sophocles' *Antigone*, Agamemnon's violent threats go far beyond even his rash actions. Here he defies, in a breath, the three most dangerous men in the entire host.

185 See note on vs. 32. “Sable” is Pope's finer word for “black,” a favorite epithet for the Homeric ships.

187 Crete's king is Idomeneus, next in age to Nestor among the chiefs of the council. See Introduction, p. xi.

199 The “decree” is not Homeric. We cannot answer the question. Our knowledge is too fragmentary. Later myth made all the princes old suitors of Helen, bound by oath beforehand to accept, and protect in all his rights, whichever of them should be selected as her husband. Achilles here gives the impression that he came of his own free will, from some chivalric or friendly feeling, to help regain Helen. Even so, desertion might be treason when once war had been joined. Homer more probably thought of Achilles as a sort of feudal vassal to Agamemnon, owing him mili-

tary service, but with full independence within his own domain, which includes, of course, his actual camping-ground. Scott has a similar set of characters in the *Talisman*, Richard of England being the Achilles.

The longing for home in this passage is a broadly human touch. It appears again, with the added mention of Achilles' loving, helpless old father, waiting in vain for his son's return, in the grand scene where Achilles and Priam meet, XXIV. 671-682.

208-209 See note on vs. 8.

210 See note on vs. 174.

221 Here Pope's love for antithesis leads him to insert a line Achilles could never have uttered. Of course Homer also uses antithesis, when it adds natural force to his statements. For instance, in vss. 217-218 the translation is entirely justified by the Greek text.

249-250 Wholly Pope's. The kings in Homer are "Zeus-nourished," "Zeus-descended," etc., but Achilles no less so than Agamemnon. The latter simply threatens to prove in memorable fashion "How much stronger am I than thou."

258 The contest in Achilles' mind is Homeric: the "rising tempest" is wholly modern or last-century taste, as the reader by this time will understand. When an Homeric tempest rises, we shall all see the whitening billows, or the fields of low-bending grain.

261 Pallas Athenè is most happy in this her first appearance. More than Apollo himself she stands, even in Homer, for enlightenment; is the patroness of all the noblest arts, in which glorious war has a high place, perhaps the highest. Since no one else sees her, we are tempted to think the poet has here consciously personified the mere wiser second thought of his hero. But such explaining away of personal divinities is always dangerous. (See, however, *infra*, vss. 555-559, with note.)

266 Pope adds the cloud. Homer's gods appear or vanish at their own will.

282-284 Hera's prophecy, or message, is not so explicit as Pope makes it. Homer says only:

"Threefold glorious gifts shall yet unto you be proffered."

Hera's knowledge of the future is limited. She complains later because Zeus conceals his plans from her. In general, she is oftener a jealous, querulous, much-injured, and tricky wife, than a dignified goddess. Pallas acts with her against Troy, but, more nearly than other gods, from a steadfast sense of justice.

298 Pope comes very close to the impetuous Homeric outburst:

“Wine-heavy! Eyes of a dog hast thou, and heart of a deer!”

But presently the “horrid front of war” is a relapse to faint personification and rhetoric.

309 This sceptre has probably just been put into Achilles' hand by the herald, as a sign of formal right to speak. To dash it angrily on the ground as he ceases is doubtless a gross—and rather boyish—affront to Agamemnon. The latter has himself a peculiarly sacred ancestral sceptre, which he takes solemnly in hand, as soon as he is dressed, at the beginning of the day, in Book II. That sceptre, however, is *silver*-studded, while the one here mentioned is “starr'd with golden studs” (326). So perhaps in the present scene Agamemnon still holds his own sceptre (like our Speaker's gavel), while another passes into the hand of him who “takes the floor.” Our information on any such point of Homeric etiquette is almost always fragmentary, as later usage is a most unsafe guide,—even if we happen to know it any better than we do epic manners.

311 The parenthesis is Pope's. Homer is wholly intent, as he should be, on making us see the sceptre. The whole vs. 316 is another insertion, and of course “bleeding Greece” is modern taste. Verse 320 is still farther afield. This whole speech is an extremely good example of Pope's stylistic merits and faults. Such bitter invective was only too familiar in the fierce politics and abusive satire of his own people. He undoubtedly felt that he had greatly improved on his copy. The student may very profitably compare these lines (297–324) with the prose version of Mr. Leaf, or with Bryant's blank verse, which is here no less faithful to the Greek.

347–350 It is not merely an old man's fancy that the heroes of

Nestor's youthtime overshadow the generation which carries on the Trojan war. Theseus, in particular, the mythical founder of the Athenian state, like his friend Heracles, is a dominant figure in Greek legend. Many an epic glorified the exploits of both, but chance, or the survival of the fittest, has deprived us of them. Pirithous, king of the Thessalian Lapithæ, was aided by Theseus. The other three heroes mentioned are clansmen of Pirithous. (Of course Polyphemus is no kin of his more famous namesake, the Cyclops, blinded by Odysseus on his adventurous homeward voyage.) The "Centaurs" were a savage rival clan in the Thessalian highlands, destroyed by the Lapithæ; but the notion that they were half-horse, half-human in figure seems to be developed later than Homer. The belief in such creatures doubtless arose in some Greek race when they first saw their enemies on horseback. The sculptures of the old temple at Assos have the awkward earlier form of the centaur, a man complete, with a sort of hobby-horse springing from his back. In this passage, indeed, Homer mentions no "Centaurs" of any kind, merely speaking of a fight against "beasts with mountain lairs."

355-357 The reader should notice such occurrences of threefold rhyme. The third verse in such cases is often an Alexandrine. The variation from the couplet is agreeable, provided the rhyme itself is musical and seems unforced, while both the rhyming words and the passage, as a whole, can bear the especial emphasis.

363 "Common suffrage" was misleading in Queen Anne's time, and is still more now. See Introduction, p. xi. The council of chiefs doubtless allotted the prizes, though Homer does not here mention the matter at all.

370-371 Notice the rhyme, and see note on vss. 81-82. This may have been quite a close rhyme in Pope's day, as it still is in some dialects of English.

392-399 What Homer makes Achilles say is quite different. Freely paraphrased, it might run: "Ye—my peers, not Agamemnon alone—gave me Briseis: ye take her from me. A soldier submits. But if the commander, or any other, should invade my tents and ships, where I am su-

preme, seizing anything indeed my own, his blood shall flow about my spear-head." So speaks a loyal, knightly campaigner, who is also a haughty, independent ruler. Surely Richard of England might so have addressed the emperor in Palestine. Verse 395 is an unwelcome gift of Pope. Certainly Achilles has fought gladly for Helen, and justice, and love of battle. Now Briseis, and injustice, and the fierce delight of bearding his overlord in full council, sway him no less promptly. But no question as to any woman is here raised by Homer.

The dialogue that ends here is quite as dramatic as anything in Attic tragedy, whose founder, Æschylus, called his plays "bits from the banquet of Homer." Even the descent of Pallas Athenè, to guide the hero's action, is a favorite device of the dramatists. But indeed, every great poet of Europe is more or less included among the pupils of Homer. Two brief incidents of pacific and commonplace nature are fitly inserted (vss. 404-409, 410-417), before the stress of the quarrel is renewed by the demand for Briseis.

402 is the first mention of Achilles' gentle and loyal friend, whose death is soon to cut the knot just tied by Agamemnon's and Achilles' pride. Homer names him here merely as the "Son of Menoetias." This seems to prove that the outline, at least, of the famous tale was perfectly familiar to those for whom Homer chanted the lay. On the prominence of manly friendship in the Greek imagination, see Introduction, pp. xii-xiii. The excellent commentary of Mr. Gentner cites Horatio, Pythias, Jonathan, Pylades. The latter's friendship is the closest parallel, because nearest to Homeric tradition.

410 The cause of the pestilence has been discovered, and removed by Chryseis' departure. Leaf suggests that the Greeks sat mourning, with dust on their heads, unwashed, during the plague. The actual lifting of the ban by Chryses and his god is to be described vss. 588-598.

422 Agamemnon had declared he would come in person to seize the woman (vs. 176). Does the poet quietly intimate thus his monarch's violence of speech, and caution in act?

437 With Achilles' self-restraint and courtesy here, contrast

Agamemnon's rage at the priest Calchas, an equally innocent and yet more sacred personage. The heralds represent the "Zeus-nourished" king they serve, and share his inviolable character.

445 "Pretty poetry, Mr. Pope," — perhaps.

452-453 Since 1750 this couplet has been printed:

"Pass'd silent, as the herald held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand."

Compare the note on vss. 1-2, and the preface. The present passage was a favorite with Pope, who added a note intimating his satisfaction with his own imitation of Homer's "numbers." Whoever substituted the four gasping initial *h*'s in 452 had lost, or never had possessed, the ear and good taste of Pope in his prime. Homer merely remarks, "With them reluctant the woman went."

458 The real Homer has just "bath'd" his host, adequately and fitly, in the sea. He is incapable of such bathos as this.

462 There is no allusion in this book to any choice open for Achilles between a glorious and a prolonged life. Perhaps his own spirit cut him off from the ignobler alternative. In Book IX., generally thought a later addition to the poem, that form of the legend is mentioned; Achilles himself there says his mother gave him such a choice. (Pope's translation, Book IX., vss. 532-537.)

468 ff. More than any other character in Homer, perhaps in ancient literature, Thetis has "the tender grace of divine motherhood." "The strong-souled warrior is again but a weeping boy at that mother's knee." (*Art and Humanity in Homer*, where see pp. 86-91.) Homer's heroes have no instinct of self-control. They weep, laugh, threaten, boast, as freely as little children. But the Romans, when they recast Greek dramas, suppressed such outbursts as unmanly. The Anglo-Saxon also represses all utterance of violent feeling, at least in real life. On the stage we permit more of Hellenic naturalness.

469 **Ocean** is an error here. Oceanus is the god of the riverlike stream — or the stream itself — that lies remote, encircling all lands of earth. Thetis is a Mediterranean, an *Ægean*, divinity. Her father is unnamed, being merely alluded

to in Homer as the "aged sire," or the "ancient of the sea." Later poets call him Nereus, and his lovely daughters, the Nereids, became such favorites in legend that the name is now applied in the Greek Levant to nearly all the kindly creatures of fairyland. (Cf. the note on vs. 555.)

478-479 Thebē is the native town of Hector's wife, Andromache. Eētion was her father. The sack is described more fully, Book VI., vss. 524 ff. How Chryses' daughter happened to be there we cannot know. The situation of all these Homeric towns can only be guessed.

In repetitions like this passage Homer uses exactly the same words, even to the third time. Pope usually feels compelled to vary his phrases. See, in any complete edition, Book II., vss. 11-18, 33-40, 83-90.

515 The whole story is a crude and savage tale, agreeing ill with Zeus' own claims of resistless strength. No allusion is made to it again by the poets. Such monsters as the hundred-handed Briareus are not elsewhere brought forward by Homer. The myth is doubtless one received from savage forefathers. Perhaps Thetis embroidered it freely as a nursery tale for her boy. When she actually makes her appeal to Zeus (*infra*, vss. 644 ff.) she is too shrewd to bring to his mind any such mortifying memories.

518-519 i.e. Hera, Pallas, Poseidon.

523 Such a mention of twofold names occurs repeatedly. Perhaps the divine name is the one used by some haughty race of conquerors, the other by their subjects. Compare Wamba's wise words, *Ivanhoe*, Chap. I.

525 Poseidon, the sea-god. Homer says he is father of Briareus, who was doubtless suggested to some myth maker originally by a cuttlefish, or by some less real marine monster. Pope had no right to call Briareus a Titan. The Titans are Zeus' uncles, now imprisoned by their reigning monarch, with his own father Kronos, in deepest Tartarus.

This legend is one of many which indicate that the Greeks, or at least many insular and sea-loving clans, regarded the marine powers as the mightiest of all divinities. Even in the "orthodox" Olympian theology, Poseidon, the "earth-shaker," is Zeus' elder brother, claiming full freedom in his

own demesne, and rarely coming to sit as an inferior in Zeus' council hall.

551 The real Olympus is a mountain in Thessaly, more than nine thousand feet high, so always snow-capt. Like the Thessalian birth of Achilles, this local abode of the gods is among the indications that epic poetry, perhaps Hellenic civilization generally, first developed in the great fertile basin of the Peneus. It is generally believed, however, that the real Homer, or the chief Homer, lived in Asia Minor. In many passages of the *Iliad*, such a poet may well have had in mind, as Olympus, a great peak of the Mysian range, comparatively near the Troad. But even within the epic period this whole conception of a cloud-wrapt and snowy crest changes to a remoter heavenly abode, quite beyond the reach of inclement weather or any earthly discomfort. This is one of the points where the *Odyssey* seems more advanced and philosophic than the *Iliad*. See especially the passage (*Odyssey*, VI., vss. 41-46) imitated by the Roman poet Lucretius, and by Tennyson in his description of Arthur's retreat, the "Valley of Avilion":

"She, thus speaking, departed, the keen-ey'd goddess Athenè,
Unto Olympus, where it is told that the gods' habitation
Ever untroubled abides, nor yet by the tempest is shaken;
Nor is it wet by rain, nor reached by the snow, but about it
Clear is the cloudless air, and white is the sunshine upon it."

Pope, as in almost all such cases, blends freely the latest ancient or even modern beliefs with the naïve conceptions of the *Iliad* itself.

555 **The main**, i.e. Oceanus, which Homer in this place *does* mention by name. (Compare the note on vs. 469.) The belief that the gods are all gone avisiting, or that Zeus is sound asleep, is of course the crudest notion of a savage about divine government. Incidentally, it will be noticed that Apollo has been very active in the Troad during these very days, and Pallas Athenè descended from Olympus and returned within a half-hour! (See, however, the note on vs. 261.)

560-561 Homer says:

"Then will I go to the palace of Zeus with its brazen threshold."

“Dome” is a favorite word with Pope, in the sense of “abode.” Homer knew nothing of domes, as we use the word.

568-569 Pope dismisses thus curtly six lines of graphic description, the more interesting because the coasting vessels on the Asiatic shore are doing exactly the same things to-day. When they reach the harbor mouth, the sails are detached and stowed away, the mast unstepped and laid down, the vessel is rowed in, the bow anchored offshore with ropes and stones, the stern beached and made fast. All this Kiplingesque detail is beneath Pope’s notion of epic dignity. Being unable to dress up such homely truth in court finery, he pushed it aside.

583 is added entire for the rhyme.

Here Chryses’ daughter slips out of the tragic tale in which her life thread was for the moment so deeply entangled. She may have suffered no injury save a brief loss of freedom. Even her own name is unknown to us. Her after fate is as hopelessly hidden as is the reason for her unlucky presence in Thebè at its capture. Doubtless Greek marauders were careful never again to molest the Archer’s favorites. The invaders departed a few weeks later. No more can be told.

“The unfinished window in Aladdin’s tower
Unfinished must remain.”

586 ff. This formal offering is repeatedly described by Homer in nearly the same words. The scattering of roasted and salted barleycorns between the horns of the victim is followed by the clipping off and burning of the forelock. The victim thus devoted to the gods was then slain with the knife, and flayed. The thigh bones, doubly wrapped in fat, with slices added from other parts, were drenched in wine and then carefully burned up in the fire, as the gods’ portion, the savor being carried skyward by the smoke. What follows is a purely human feast, the vitals being spitted on forks and toasted, the whole animal eagerly devoured.

609 **Instruments.** Pope could hardly stoop to “five-prong’d forks.”

631 Homer makes no mention of the keel, much less of a "crooked" one!

638-639 The Greek text only says:

"But pining in spirit

There did he linger, and longed for war and the shouting of battle."

Criticise Pope's rhetoric.

642 The gods return from their visit to the shores of Ocean and the Ethiopians. We must suppose nothing occurs within or outside Troy meantime. No adequate artistic reason for this delay is offered. The Trojans are not aware of the quarrel, and do not venture forth.

650-651 This is the attitude of the suppliant. Perhaps the one hand prevents Zeus from rising to depart, the other from speaking an irrevocable word until Thetis can see in his face that his heart is softened. Later legend made Zeus an old wooer of the lovely sea nymph, though finally frightened from her by a prophecy that she would bear a son mightier than his father. Homer shows no knowledge of that story.

653 This modest reminder of former passages is much more judicious than Achilles' suggestion (*supra*, vs. 512) to bring up the whole mortifying Briareus episode. Thetis needed no lessoning in her present employment.

655 Of course this does not mean that Zeus owes his life to Thetis. He is incapable of death. The thought is restated more clearly in the next couplet.

671 The Homeric epithet here actually applied to Zeus is "cloud-gatherer." Pope feels free to substitute the equally common "high-thundering," which is thus expanded. Such sins are venial.

683-687 This impressive description is said to have inspired the sculptor, Phidias, when he modeled the gigantic seated Zeus for the national temple at Olympia. To be sure, Zeus has just confessed his panic fears lest Hera may catch a glimpse of him. There are much broader comic touches before the book closes. But we must accept Homer's gods as he depicts them, with little reticence or reverence, for the most part. Mr. Leaf regards this semi-humorous treatment of the gods as a proof that the poet lived in the decadence of his civili-

zation, when faith was already undermined. Mr. Lang, on the contrary, proves, by abundant illustration, that sincere savage belief is full of most grotesque divine myths. This Olympian family is an imaginary circle of manlike beings released from the most wholesome earthly restraints. They behave, perhaps, much as most of us might do under the like conditions.

714 Saturn is the Roman counterpart of Kronos, the dethroned father of the reigning Zeus, or Jupiter.

719 consult. Consultation: an unusual form for the substantive.

731 Cf. *Essay on Man*, "Whatever is, is right." Homer is quite innocent of philosophic theories, and this bit of optimism is doubly incongruous just here, while the gods are most capricious and quarrelsome.

738 Vulcan. Hephaestus, the smith and artist of the gods.

742-745 Again original poetry by Mr. Pope. He can never resist a chance for a smart antithesis.

765 The volcanic character of Lemnos doubtless suggested the mythical connection of the island with the smithy of Hephaestus. Milton imitates this passage, *Paradise Lost*, I. 738.

770 The gods are the more amused because the lame, grimy smith is a contrast with the graceful and lovely boy, Ganymede, their usual cupbearer.

774 Homer here mentions the Muses for the first time by that name. (See the note on vs. 2.) They are invoked again in the plural, as inspirers of song, in the second book, at the beginning of the "Catalogue of Ships." But there are reasons for believing the "Catalogue" to be a borrowed poem of the Hesiodic school inserted late in the *Iliad*.

The first book is a magnificent introduction to the general story. In it we make the acquaintance of the chief Greek characters, and of what Pope's age called the "machinery," i.e. the divine powers directing the action and fate of men. Of the books now omitted, the Third is especially interesting. In particular, Paris' and Helen's first appearance is a masterpiece of sympathetic character-painting. But in varied interest and breadth of view, no book in Homer, few passages of equal length in any literature, can rival the one just read.

BOOK VI

This book gives us a glimpse of an Homeric battlefield which, however, can be properly understood only by those who read, in Mr. Pope's version or another, the four important books just omitted. The brief outline reprinted here from the edition of 1715 should at least be referred to once more, and will give the essential connections.

Book VI. is chiefly occupied with domestic scenes within the doomed city, of which, indeed, this is our completest view. Doubtless the poet is painting largely the real customs of his own day. The free action of the women is especially notable, and the family of Hector could be transferred with little change to a romance of our own century. The contrast with the seclusion and silence of women in Periclean Athens is striking.

Of any real Troy the poet had evidently no knowledge beyond vague tradition, which probably supplied him far less than did his own artistic and creative imagination. Since Dr. Schliemann's death, his assistant, Dr. Dörpfeld, has unearthed at Hissarlik the substantial, well-built walls of a prehistoric city. This is generally accepted as the "real" Homeric Troy. It answers fairly to what seem to be the oldest elements in the legend, as the tradition that Achilles pursued Hector thrice about the town.

The true strategic key to the entire Troad is the acropolis at Bounar-bashi, five miles farther inland, at the head of the plain, just where the Scamander breaks in from the region of Mt. Ida, through a great water gap. Professor Jebb, now perhaps almost alone, defends, with the stubbornness of an Ajax, *this* site as the Homeric stronghold. Meagre remains of ancient fortification are visible there also. But of course the true epic city, the favorite visiting place of the gods for ages, lies close on the frontiers of Arthurian Camelot, in the white island of dreamery.

- 5 The Scamander, chief river of the Trojan plain, is still called the Menderé. The Simois is a smaller stream emptying into the Scamander below the city.
- 14 Homer says, "Darkness covered his eyes." Which is better?
- 17 Arisba. An Asiatic town near the Hellespont. Notice the

warm praise of a Trojan partisan. Such passages are regarded as indications that the poet, Greek though he was, lived in Asia Minor. To be sure, he is silent as to any Hellenic cities on the eastern side of the *Ægean*, but that might be a conscious attempt to describe earlier historic conditions.

21 Son of Tydeus, Diomedes. The father had been quite as famous, being one of the seven chiefs who led the ill-fated assault on Thebes, a favorite mythical subject.

28 There are several such children of mortal fathers by fountain nymphs, mentioned in Homer, and all were in Asiatic lands. This, again, and the many signal favors shown to Troy by the gods in spite of Paris' guilt, may be regarded as indicating the poet's local sympathies. Of course no such evidence can really lift the black cloud of uncertainty that enshrouds the entire question of the origin of the epics.

36 The rhyme carries Pope much too far. "Despoiled Pidyes" is Homer's milder phrase.

37 **Teucer.** Ajax' half-brother, said to have been afterward disowned by Telamon because he came back from the war without Ajax.

38 **Nestor's son.** Antilochus. He is an especial friend of Achilles, to whom he brings the news of Patroclus' death (Book XVIII.). In the third book of the *Odyssey*, Nestor, many years after, is still mourning for Antilochus, who had perished in the Troad, with Patroclus, Achilles, and so many other gallant youths.

46 Menelaüs is king of Sparta.

61-62 There is no coin as yet in the Homeric age. "Persuasive" is Pope's idea, of course. Homer says, "bronze, and gold, and iron wrought with toil." The Homeric heroes use bronze weapons. Steel they have not learned to fashion.

78 **Rigid justice** is not an Homeric idea. The word used later for justice (*diké*) means, in the epics, merely "custom."

85 **Son of Mars.** Nestor only addresses the Greeks as "Servants of Ares."

91 **Helenus.** A brother of Hector, chief priest and prophet of the Trojans, but also a gallant warrior. (See Virgil, *Æneid*, III.)

93 **Æneas.** See the note on p. 111.

97 **Aid's** is Pope's reading in 1715, and seems to be right. Aid is a collective noun meaning *allies*, and is constructed like *country's*. Other possible readings are *aids'* and *aids*.

107 It is most strange that the commander and champion should thus be sent to the town, just when the Trojan line is already breaking, merely to carry a message which any page could take. On the way he lingers for three long interviews with his mother, brother, and wife. So perverse is our introduction to this favorite episode.

115 We must imagine a rude seated figure of the goddess.

118 **Spare** was rhymed with *war*, Book I., vss. 81-82.

135 Dardanus was a mythical early king of Troy.

147 The digression is interesting, but only heightens our bewilderment. Tydides should have taken advantage of Hector's absence in very different fashion. This is all noble poetry, but it is not real war.

158 When Pallas inspires and guides me. Homer does not mention her here, but she had aided Diomedes mightily, earlier in the day.

160 Homer says: "I would not fight with heavenly gods." The fact that Diomedes *has* fought with, and wounded, Aphrodite, and Ares himself, within a half-hour, makes Leaf incline to reject this whole passage as a late interpolation. Mr. Lang, as usual, resists with vigor. (*Companion to Iliad*, pp. 137-138, *Homer and the Epic*, pp. 110-111.) Pope's "no more" smooths over the difficulty.

163 **Bacchus**, or Dionysus, was a late interloper among the Greek gods, his worship coming apparently from the far East. He is mentioned by Homer only four times, two of which passages put him, as here, in an ignominious light. He is not yet, in Homer, patron of the vine and wine. Herodotus, so late as the fifth century, b.c., plainly intimates his dislike for the wild Bacchic worship. Yet to it we owe the loftiest of all the fine arts, the drama. There are several legends of kings, who, like Lycurgus, opposed Dionysus' worship, and perished.

164 There are many mythical Nyssæ, all the way on Dionysus' progress from India to Hellas.

168 Thetis is the loveliest and most courageous of the sea nymphs.

This occurrence was doubtless long before her wedding with Peleus.

181 The early lyric poet Simonides quotes this line, saying it was "wisely uttered by the man of Chios." It is worth noting that this first unmistakable mention of the *Iliad* by a known author makes the epic poet a native of Asia.

189 **Argos.** Note on I. 45. Ephyrè is the earlier name of Corinth, which is of course on the "outmost bound" of the Peloponnesus.

210 A whole library has been written on this passage. Here, if anywhere, Homer shows a knowledge of letters and script. The exact meaning of the Greek is rather: "He furnished him dire emblems, graving many life-destroying (ones) in a folded tablet." Some such token of introduction was customary, for the king asks to see it. It is folded or closed, so Bellerophon himself would doubtless have comprehended it. The message was, to put the bearer to death, and it was understood. But the idea that a regular alphabet or syllabary was used shatters, perhaps, on the word "many." That points rather to mere rude pictures of weapons or violence, the cumulative meaning of which might possibly be guessed. Perhaps the usual missive of introduction had hieroglyphs for food, shelter, clasped hands, etc. Of course, even if Homer himself used writing, he might intentionally describe a ruder early age. The subject is entirely too large for a brief note.

216 Homer says the king asked for the missive. The hospitable entertainment offered to the stranger first is a world-wide courtesy, at least among the less civilized nations.

219 Homer hardly alludes elsewhere to any such mixed monstrosity as the three-formed chimera. So the hundred-handed Briareus is quite alone. The Greek epic is thoroughly human. Its Sirens are beautiful women, not mermaids. The Centaurs are mere beasts, without human traits. Later Greek poets utter wilder fancies, and Homer no doubt had heard many such myths, though his artistic good sense suppressed them. Our sincere and deepest interest can be aroused only for creatures made in our own image, without and within,

229 The notion of a race composed wholly of warrior women is a favorite one. A similar travelers' tale must have given the great Brazilian river its name. Priam in Book III. claims to have fought the Amazons in his youth. Herodotus tells how they met and mated in secret with a neighboring clan, solely to continue their own stock.

238 The end of this little romance is decidedly conventional. Joseph and Potiphar, the *Arabian Nights*, and almost any national collection of folk-lore will supply parallels.

244 **Sarpedon** is a favorite mortal son of Zeus, who is bitterly grieved at his death by Patroclus' hand, in Book XVI. The student may work out a genealogical tree for this family, showing the kinship of Sarpedon, Glaucus, Bellerophon, etc. The Lycian royal family is treated with warm admiration by Homer,—or by the poet who added these Lycian episodes. Read especially Pope's *Iliad*, XVI. 512–836.

250 Sudden and painless death comes to women from Artemis', to men from Apollo's arrows. In this passage Pope omits the unfamiliar names of Bellerophon's children: Isandros, Hippolochos, Laodameia. Bellerophon in madness betakes himself to "the wandering field."

277 Diomedes is modestly confident that his own grandsire and father are known to all mankind. (See note on VI. 21.) Aeschylus' tragedy, *The Seven against Thebes*, is one of his seven plays still extant.

279–281 **join** was probably a good rhyme for *thine*, else special attention would hardly be thus called to it. Notice the dignity of the long Alexandrine (281) and the effective pause in the middle of it.

290 Pope was probably unwilling to follow copy here: "Then Zeus bereft Glaucus of his wits." This ratio, 100: 9, was perhaps an accurate estimate of relative value for gold and bronze generally. The Lycian art doubtless made Glaucus' gear doubly valuable. It is an early example of Greek shrewdness at a bargain.

296 The episode, beginning 147, is ended: the still larger episode of Hector's visit to Troy is resumed, and fills the rest of the book. The whole field of battle most considerately waits for Hector's return, thanks to the power of the poet

magician, who unrolls the whole glorious pageant as he chooses.

322 and 329 Homer does not mention Bacchus here, nor associate him anywhere with wine. The wondrous liquor with which Odysseus lays the Cyclops low is the gift of a priest of *Apollo*. (Compare the note on VI. 163.)

330-331 Homer inserts no such temperance address, but merely makes Hector refuse, as any good athlete would, to drink wine *then*, for fear it would paralyze his vigor. Horace says, "Homer confesses his love for the wine by singing its praises." Even here Hector calls it by a beautiful epithet, "honey-hearted."

362-363 An incident of the voyage on which Paris carried Helen away from Greece. Tyre has not yet, in Homer's world, eclipsed Sidon as the head of Phœnicia. Paris' visit there is audacious, for the Phœnicians are still the chief traders, and also the most dreaded pirates, on all Hellenic seas. This visit may be a reminiscence of the real connection between the Homeric civilization on both sides the Aegean, and the remoter Orient. Homer's finest works of art are oftenest importations from Sidon or other Eastern regions.

387 This episode, within the greater one, is thus concluded. The reader will notice that nearly the same lines have been used thrice, by Helenus, by Hector, now by the poet himself. Pope omits the last touch :

"So they plead : but Athenè tosses her head in refusal."

Perhaps Pope would not let a graven image toss its head,— if that is what Homer means. Lovers of Virgil will remember this same scene as depicted on Dido's temple walls. There, also, the tossing of the head is missing, but doubtless merely because impossible in a picture : "The goddess in anger has turned her eyes aside, and keeps them fixed upon the ground." (*Aeneid*, I., vss. 477-482.)

408-409 This is wholly Pope's, of course.

427 Homer merely says, "Victory comes to men in turn."

432 ff. Helen disarms us by her own grief and bitter self-condemnation. Homer never condemns her, nor do any of the

other characters reproach her. She perhaps followed Paris only perforce, at first, or under compulsion of Aphrodite. She has been really fond of him, however, though now the longing for her old Grecian home and husband is returning. She says nothing about Paris at all resembling 441, however. She complains (we fancy, with a coquettish glance at Hector) that Paris is not a steadfast, heroic man, mindful of his own good name. The last words, in which she seems to see us, of future ages, gazing down the long centuries at their dishonor, is a remarkable tone for Homer, who elsewhere rarely seems conscious of an audience.

Any student especially interested in Helen's character should by all means read Book III. as well as XXIV. She also appears, restored to honor, happy, radiantly beautiful still, again queen of Sparta, in Book IV. of the *Odyssey*; but there is no hint, hardly the possibility, of any such future happiness for her anywhere in the *Iliad*. Perhaps the older epic has here a sterner and sounder moral code. Compare Tennyson's *Guinevere*.

Euripides, a great master of character drawing, introduced Helen in several dramas, and wrote in particular a *Helena*, on the strange legend that she never sinned with Paris, nor went to Troy at all, but that it was a mere *Eidolon* or wraith of her for which thousands of innocent folk perished, and Ilios fell at last. In all romance Helen is the eternal type of beauty, riding untroubled over the billows of strife. But in such passages as this she seems to have a conscience, and even a heart. Helena in Goethe's *Faust* is the incarnated spirit of classic art.

454 **thy knight** is rather misleading. Homer has only a rather curt *this* (man).

458 Recent comments speak of this verse as a true prophecy, and say Hector never returned to the city. But after the duel in Book VII., between Hector and Ajax, the day closes without further events, and in VII. 313 (Pope, 376) it is expressly said, "The Trojans escorted Hector to the town." One day is then spent in burying the dead, another in the construction of the Greek wall about their fleet. Both these nights, also, all Trojans slept within the walls; for

Hector's determination to camp in the open plain, after the next day of successful fighting, is a rash and novel plan, formed because the Greeks are thought likely to flee by sea during the night if not closely watched. So there were at least three more daily partings with his family for Hector, after this untimely visit! The fact must be accepted that this most noble episode is very ill placed in our present text. Many editors would cut out the passage at the end of VII., recounting briefly the truce for burying the dead and the building of the walls. That would still leave the line just cited, 313 (376).

But the other problem is even harder: If Paris is such a dastard as to be absent from the field at this crisis, why is not Hector there? Readers of Book III. may feel the younger brother had really the better excuse for leaving when he did.

463 **His soul's far dearer part** is unjustifiable insertion: 471, 484–485, etc., are merely distasteful rhetoric.

514 i.e. "For surely such rash valor will cut you off from long life.

531–533 See Introduction, p. xviii.

539 The name should be Hypoplacia, i.e. "Under the mountain Placos."

543 See note on VI. 250.

545 Pope had a rustic illiterate little old mother, whom he loved devotedly. Perhaps she inspired this simple, strong, Saxon line.

555 i.e. there Menelaüs urges on his troops.

573 Hector knows he is fighting on the side of the wrongdoer.

580–581 This is the most ingenious insertion by Pope, perhaps, in his entire version. It is not absolutely original, for in Book III., when Aphrodite goes in disguise to seek Helen, she finds her weaving at a "great marvel of the loom":

"And she therein had embroidered

Many a battle of valorous Trojans and mailèd Achaians,
Fought for the sake of herself, and under the hands of the war-god."

It is perhaps no accidental contrast that in a later book the gentle Andromache, surprised at the loom also, was weaving—not battles, like Helen—merely flowers.



588-589

“This is truth the poet sings:
That a sorrow’s crown of sorrows is remembering happier things.”

Tennyson was a good Homeric scholar, but in these lines of *Locksley Hall* he is probably thinking rather of Dante.

594-609 There is hardly another passage in ancient literature where a child is treated by a poet as a modern parent would desire. Pope is spirited, but by no means faithful. The “reeking spoils” of vs. 611 is exactly Homeric, and must be accepted along with the gentler touches. But vs. 609 quite reverses the modest prayer :

“May it be said some day, ‘He is better by far than his father.’”

Again, the last half of vs. 607 really makes us feel that a stout British Tory is asserting his loyalty.

627 This is in quite a different tone from vs. 570. Hector here *cheers* his wife by assuring her no man can slay him until the day of destiny comes. This fatalistic feeling is a common conviction of the soldier in any age. Such a belief is said to aid largely in making the Turks and other Mahometans so fearless in battle.

665 Paris makes a very polite speech of two lines, which Pope suppresses.

679 The feeble personification of Greece—which can hardly be distinguished from the “proud foe” of the previous line—makes an unworthy close for this splendid episode. Nevertheless, Pope has shown, on the whole, such a mastery of clear, vigorous English as few men have ever attained. His rhyme, also, though often a temptation to excessive freedom, is never in itself grotesque or ignoble. He keeps well within those canons of taste which he and his age formulated and believed in.

We said in the Introduction it was not easy to explain the prompt and lasting favor with which this translation was received. A careful comparison with Chapman’s version, then its only serious rival, will go far to allay our surprise. The student may profitably pause and study for a moment the respective renderings of this closing passage, which is an ordinary average test. Beginning after Paris’ apology, Chapman continues :

“ He answered: ‘ Honour’d man,—
 Be confident, for not myself nor any others can
 Reprove in thee the work of fight, at least, not any such
 As is an equal judge of things; for thou hast strength as much
 As serves to execute a mind very important, but
 Thy strength too readily flies off, enough will is not put
 To thy ability. My heart is in my mind’s strife sad,
 When Troy (out of her much distress, she and her friends have
 had
 By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noblesse in mine ears.
 But come, hereafter we shall calm these hard conceits of theirs,
 When, from their ports the foe expuls’d, high Jove to them hath
 giv’n
 Wish’d peace, and us free sacrifice to all the Pow’rs of heav’n.’ ”

The first four pairs of rhymes are trivial, almost comic, the other two are imperfect in sound. In all Pope’s translations and original poems together no such interwoven skein of “hard conceits,” no such series of rhymes thumping upon ludicrously unimportant words, can be found to set beside this.

Pope, Bryant, Lang, Worsley, are alike easy and graceful, in contrast with the Elizabethan rhymes, in such a passage. Compare Introduction, pp. xvii–xix, and also the first note on Book XXIV.

BOOK XXII

Again the student should read the arguments for the omitted books (VII.–XXI.), and make for himself a still briefer outline of those incidents which are essential to the main story. In this book, too, we must remember that the fierce, imperious spirit of Achilles, after chafing so long in self-compelled inaction, has been fatally embittered by the loss of his better and gentler self, Patroclus. Over the survivor also hangs the black shadow of close-hovering death, foretold him long ago by his mother, whose prophecy has just been miraculously repeated by one of Achilles’ divine horses, as they reluctantly drew him forth to his greatest but fatal triumph, the slaying of Hector. This book ought to be read, for the first time, at one sitting, without the slightest interruption, with no reference to notes.

The swift action, the repeated appeal to the strongest elemental emotions, hate and love, the powerful and fit similes from familiar natural objects at each great crisis, show Homer at his best; and there is little indeed in all literature that is better. Athenè's interference offends sadly against our ideas of fair play, but she is perhaps merely the agent of Zeus, or of still mightier Fate, reminding us that Hector is hopelessly handicapped by being on the side of wrong.

Any careful reader will by this time recognize many words and lines as evident additions by Mr. Pope's hand. They may be classified in part as vague personifications, extravagant metaphors, and forced antitheses. Many of the examples occurring in this book may be grouped here together. Others will be easily found, especially if a more literal version be compared with Pope's. Thus such single words as *drown* (vs. 4), *chain'd* (vs. 9), *torrents* (vs. 126), *smoke* (vs. 194), *hand* (vs. 454), *tender show'r* (vs. 547), introduce or suggest some un-Homeric comparison. The whole line 85 is an extended metaphor added by the translator. In 146, 151-152, etc., Homer did not personify the "suffering country," saying merely "Some other baser man" might malign Hector. More serious is the insertion of Fate in 228, Furies 447, Fate 449, Fates 453, etc., until the stage seems thronged with such vague half-real shapes. The Fates are actually mentioned only once, if at all, in the plural by Homer (XXIV. 63) as persons: the whole notion of the three spinners is apparently a later myth. The worst single line is perhaps 382, where Homer only said, "Now an ignoble death is near, not remote."

That Pope identifies Apollo explicitly with the sun (vss. 23, 284, etc.) has been criticised before. He often improves on the ethics of his original. Thus (vss. 69, 72) the mother of Polydorus and Lycaon, Laothoë, is named by Homer, and the reminder of Priam's polygamy is the more forcible because Hecuba is even now leaning over the battlements at his side. Much picturesque paganism is piously concealed under such words as "Heaven." Thus 172 for "that determine Heav'n" the Greek says "to whom the Olympian giveth the glory," and (vs. 242) —

"Downward darting Athenè passed from the crests of Olympus."

This conception of the mountain abode of the gods seems to have been quite too crude for Pope's taste. See especially 218, where we somehow get a picture of heaven like the upper tier of boxes in a fashionable theatre. Homer only said "all the gods beheld them." But this very crudeness of Homeric thought as to the divine abode may have an important weight in discussing the relative age of the epics, or of different passages in the *Iliad*. (See note on Book I., vs. 551.)

The eighteenth-century poet often adds detail of a more artificial culture than Homer. Thus the "well breath'd beagle" (244) is just *a dog*, and we are not even told if he tracked the fawn by sight or scent, so 247 is all gratuitous.

Pope is especially bold in his allusions to the dead. Thus 347-348 is really fine, but impossible, because the dead, once duly cremated, can never revisit the living, even in dreams. (Pope's *Homer*, XXIII. 93-96.) Verses 457-458 are also too explicit. We are told by Homer only that—

"Flitting forth from the body his soul had already departed,
Grieving over his doom, for the loss of his manhood and youth-time."

Again at 70-71 Homer only says, "But if already they are dead and in Hades' abode." The notion that the body must be duly disposed of before the soul can cross the Styx seems here to be in Pope's mind. Patroclus' ghost says nearly this to Achilles in a dream. (Pope's *Iliad*, XXIII. 87-92.) Everywhere else in the *Iliad* the souls of the slain flit instantly to Hades' realm. It is curious that Pope finally closes his *Iliad* with a verse of his own, giving us unique and incredible information as to the condition of the dead. See note on XXIV. 1016.

6 The original is only "leaning shields on shoulders." Pope is thinking of the Roman method of assault, with the shields fitted together so as to form a complete roof, called the "tortoise." Homer knows no such custom, and his common soldiers hardly count at all in real contests.

39 Our names for constellations are largely ancient. The Greeks fancied they saw in them outlines of natural objects, or human figures. Orion is the name of a famous hunter. A group of stars rising just ahead of it is called *Canis Major*, and is supposed to be Orion's hound. The brightest star of the group is Sirius. Our "dog days," and similar words in other languages, recall the old belief that the rising of *Canis Major* brought the sultry midsummer weather.

The comparison with the death bringing Achilles is magnificently fitting. "Not half so dreadful" is Pope's improvement on "Even as"; but artistically he is right. The comparison should always be subordinate to the thing it illustrates, and must send us back with heightened interest to the main highroad of the story. And the angry hero is far more dreadful than any star.

90 Homer says *earth*, Pope *floor*. The change, if slight, is characteristic.

105 Wholly original with Mr. Pope.

137 The heroes almost invariably speak, rather than think, even when alone. This is part of the intensely dramatic quality of Homer, and of nearly all Greek utterance.

140 This was the evening before, after Hector had slain Patroclus and secured Achilles' arms. In the intervening night Thetis had obtained from Hephaestus far more splendid armor for her son.

158 The hearer is reminded betimes that Hector's fate is deserved. Especially, if he has been able, by force or counsel, to secure the restoration of Helen, it should have been done long years ago. In Book VII., after Hector's duel with Ajax, there is a council of Trojans, where *Antenor* makes this proposal, Paris objects, and Priam, weakly siding with his guilty son, finally sends a herald to the Greeks, offering back only the treasure stolen with Helen. The very herald condemns Paris bitterly. (Pope, VII. 462-469.) Hector's voice is not heard at all.

Here he speaks and thinks only as a warrior. His parents' appeals, his wife's fate, seem not to be in his mind at all. So when he passed out of the gate with Paris at the close of Book VI., the delight of battle seized him, while all his

forebodings and reluctance were forgotten. This is all good psychology.

180 The flight of Hector perplexes the modern reader. Perhaps some recorded prophecy, or other famous tradition, bound the poet to this incident, despite the gallantry elsewhere accorded by him to the Trojan leader. Panic may, of course, seize on brave men. Some think the passage a late insertion by an unworthy hand. In his beautiful poem, *Helen of Troy*, Andrew Lang reproves Homer for such a slander on a gallant hero.

195 There are many springs, warm and cold, in the Trojan plain, but the sources of the Scamander are quite twenty miles away, high on Mt. Ida. There a current from a warm spring does run a short way to join a larger stream of cold water. This last has just before fallen over a considerable precipice, is fed by marshy land above, and doubtless, finally, by the melting snows on topmost Gargaros. The present editor visited the spot just after heavy rains had fallen for three days (October, 1881), and the "hot spring" was then barely tepid. It is very doubtful if the ancients knew these springs. They had no delight in mountain climbing.

257 Elsewhere in the *Iliad* dreams, even when deceitful, are actually sent to men by some divine agency. Here Homer speaks, quite as a modern man might, of a mere nightmare. This is said to be the only case of a dream used in a simile.

263 **O Muse** is not in the Greek.

276 The figurative meaning is evident. Of course Pope uses the word *hell*, here and elsewhere, for the whole world of the dead.

285-286 Pope makes a very serious error here. No such scene on Olympus could be made visible to a mortal's eyes. Athenè merely asserts, that there could now be no escape for Hector, even if Apollo *should* intercede for him, ever so frantically, in Zeus' presence. The whole activity of Athenè in this crisis seems horribly unfair, and even deprives Achilles of credit for that supreme triumph which he is supposed to be fully able to win without magic armor or foul play. We are tempted here again, as in

Book I., to allegorize her away, as a mere incarnation of vengeful divine justice. Patroclus, however, is killed by Hector under very similar circumstances.

340-342 Homer makes Achilles say only: "There can be no courtesies or oaths between me and thee, ere one of us falls, sating with his blood the fierce war-god Ares." There really is, however, a great and bitter change, worked by Patroclus' loss, in the nature of Achilles. He himself expresses it fully to a lesser victim of his spear, in Book XXI. (Pope's version, vss. 109-125.) He fully realizes, and welcomes, his own approaching death.

405-406 It is, perhaps, too ingenious to find here an example of "tragic irony." Homer does not call attention to the fact that Hector is wearing the armor of Achilles himself, who naturally knows its weakest point. It is quite in the spirit of Attic tragedy, however, to emphasize such coincidences. So, after the duel in Book VII., Ajax gives Hector a belt, and receives in turn a sword. It is the later tale, not Homer's, which adds: by that belt Hector's corpse was dragged behind Achilles' chariot, with that sword Ajax slew himself in frenzy at last.

430 and 432 are wholly Pope's.

451-452 Notice the clear, prophetic vision of the dying. Some such legend as this, about Achilles' death, must have been familiar to Homer's audience. Some stories make Achilles meet his death when going to woo, or wed, Priam's daughter, Polyxena. Paris was to be forced to surrender Helen as part of the general peaceful arrangement, hence his treacherous shot. The various early "sequels" composed for the *Iliad* have all perished. (See Lawton's *Successors of Homer*.) From one of them this speech of Hector may have been inserted, later, in the *Iliad*.

467 **some.** Homer says "every one." This may have been due to the fierce blood-feud of the many whose kin Hector had slain.

491-494 The dactylic marching movement seems essential to the meaning here :

"Now let us sing our pæan of victory, sons of Achaians,
While to the hollow ships we march, and carry the body.

Great is the glory we win: we have slain the illustrious Hector:
Like to a god throughout their city the Trojans adored him."

The last two lines seem to be part of the paeon itself, to the notes of which the triumphant Greeks march shoreward.

510 Cf. 218, 465. Men and gods look on in anxious suspense at the decisive scene in the long tragedy. Only Andromache is spared the sight.

525 See note on Book I., vs. 174.

567 The "pensive melancholy" is transferred by Mr. Pope from Book VI., vss. 643-647.

604-605 The alliteration and assonance call attention painfully to the least musical of English sounds. The experiment of 543 should not have been repeated. Pope rarely permits such a lapse as this. Compare note on Book I., vss. 452-453.

610 "The astrology is Pope's." (Gentner.)

622-653 Powerful and pathetic as it is, this passage had in ancient and modern times been criticised as inept. Astyanax is still a prince, grandson of Priam and heir of Hector. Even when Troy falls, Hector's son will but share the common lot of enslavement with his whole race. The prevailing tradition was, however, that in the sack of the city some Grecian chieftain flung the boy from the walls. But this is not a moment when Andromache can be expected to utter wise or moderate words.

BOOK XXIV

This book is generally believed to be by a later hand. Certain differences, even in the language, make Mr. Lang himself doubtful. There can be no question that this closing scene raises the whole poem to a higher ethical and artistic plane, by revealing the character of Achilles under the softening influences of bereavement, pity, and even sympathy. The song of triumph, quoted above in the note on XXII. 491-494, would be a possible final note for an epic of action, and the subject, announced at the beginning

of the *Iliad*, had even then been fully worked out. At just such a point the *Aeneid* stops.

These last two books are two very different attempts, somewhat as in the fifth act of the *Merchant of Venice*, to lighten the stress of the previous scenes, and to leave a milder final impression. Whether it was the chief poet, or a worthy pupil, who first thought of bringing together these stately figures, Achilles and Priam, in their kindred grief, can hardly be finally demonstrated. One of the later Homeric supplements makes Achilles conceive, and Thetis and Aphrodite gratify, a wild desire to see Helen, whom he had apparently never beheld, much less wooed. A still later legend arranges a final wedding between these two incarnations of youthful beauty, Achilles and Helen, in the "White Island" of far Orient seas. Somewhat such an afterthought this noble episode may have been. On the whole, the present editor inclines to believe that the larger lay of Achilles' wrath, and this tale of his hospitable courtesy to Priam, are by quite diverse hands, and probably appealed to different generations of men. This book is in spirit nearer to the *Odyssey* than to the *Achilleid* proper.

The first twenty lines are a fine example of Pope's best manner. The natural antithesis at vs. 5, "Not so Achilles," adds much force and pathos. Friendship is a subject on which Pope thought and wrote excellently. His choice for rhyme never falls on a trivial word. *Tastes, fed, vent*, do call up needless metaphors, but doubtless most readers pass them unnoticed. "More unobserv'd to weep" is British stoicism, not the epic delight in full self-utterance. On the whole, no rhymed version can greatly surpass this performance, for it is nearly perfect. The final question is, does the rhymed couplet, in the mass, please or stun the listening ear? To that, Pope's age gave one answer, Tennyson's another. The original has twelve lines, and can perhaps be packed into so many ten-syllable English verses:

"The games were done. The folk to their swift ships
Dispersing went. Of supper and sweet sleep
They thought, to be enjoyed: Achilles wept,
Remembering his dear comrade. Nor did sleep,

The all-conquering, hold him : to and fro he tost,
 Missing Patroclus' bloom and glorious might.
 What toils he had wrought with him, and woes endur'd,
 Cleaving the wars of men, and grievous waves,
 These he recalled, and dropt a swelling tear.
 Sometimes upon his side, then on his back
 He lay, or face ; again he rose erect,
 And madly whirl'd along the beach."

Bryant, in *fifteen* lines, softens slightly to pensive melancholy
 the firm Greek strokes, telling how —

“ The battles fought with heroes, the wild seas
 O'erpassed, came thronging on his memory.”

Chapman says Achilles —

“ Did renew

His friend's dear memory, his grace in managing his strength,
 And his strength's greatness, how life rack'd into their utmost
 length
 Griefs, battles, and the wraths of seas, in their joint sufferance.
Each thought of which turn'd to a tear. Sometimes he would
 advance,
 In tumbling on the shore, his side,” etc.

Those who love such quaint conceits will look not in vain
 on any page of Chapman. He is himself a real poet, of
 which we are reminded far oftener than in Pope's com-
 pany, as witness the half-line italicized by us. The man-
 ner, even there, however, is quite un-Homeric.

33 The “ golden shield,” or *ægis* of Zeus, is elsewhere intrusted
 only to Athénè. Is it really in origin the sun's disk ? Zeus,
 Pallas, Apollo, are often named together in a form of oath,
 which even in Homer sounds archaic. They are more clearly
 natural forces in origin than are most of the Olympian
 divinities : the cloud-wrapt sky-father, his blue-eyed helpful
 daughter, who even wields his bolts, his radiant life-giving
 son. See, however, the note on Book I., vs. 52.

38-41 A crude version of an awkward original. The poet tells
 how to these gods holy Ilios was hateful :

“ Priam as well, and his people, because of the madness of Paris ; ”
 the last phrase occurs repeatedly elsewhere, always as an
 allusion to Paris' escapade with Helen. But this time two
 verses are added :

"Who did the goddesses anger when they had entered his courtyard;
Her he approved who indulged his fatal wantonness for him."

A famous poem, the *Cyprian Epic*, was composed, after the *Iliad*, expressly to give adequate explanation how the great strife around Troy came to begin. The quarrel of the three goddesses over the apple inscribed "for the fairest," with the bribery of the umpire Paris by Aphrodite through the promise of a most lovely wife, must have been prominent in that tale, whether then invented or part of an older tradition. The present passage seems an inept interpolation alluding to that story. It will be noticed that it leaves *Poseidon's* anger wholly unaccounted for. The author of the *Iliad* probably never heard the apple story.

56-57 The philosophic maxim intruding here is a borrowed line from Hesiod. The two meanings of "shame" are seen in our "I am ashamed *to do it*," and "I am ashamed *of doing it*." In one case we are restrained from the sin, in the other we are guilty and remorseful. But Achilles, or his poet, never uses language for such dialectic purposes.

61-69 Except the misleading "Heav'n" and "God," the Greek is fairly rendered here. It is the only passage where Fates (*Moirai*) are mentioned in the plural. Notice that even here no spinning is mentioned. Homer says only:

"The fates bestowed on men a spirit able to endure."

• Compare the introductory note to Book XXII., p. 137.

78-83 The procession of the great gods going to Thetis' wedding is a favorite subject of Greek art, beginning with the famous and very ancient François vase. Catullus' longest poem has the most detailed literary description. Hera's fondness for Thetis is not indicated in other books of Homer, and at the close of Book I. we had the opposite impression as to her feeling. Later accounts explain that Hera was grateful to her rival for rejecting Zeus' suit.

96 It is Pope who tints Thetis "azure" and her sister's hair "blue," because they have marine abodes.

99 Iris is the usual divine messenger in the *Iliad*, Hermes in the *Odyssey*. Both of them, and Thetis besides, are used in the rather elaborate "machinery" of this book. The notion

that Iris is sent especially on malicious errands cannot be maintained. That she is the personal messenger of Zeus and Hera is more plausible. See especially the note on vss. 132-133. That Iris is originally the rainbow can hardly be questioned, though, e.g. in vs. 115, Homer only says "fleet Iris." Hermes is closely associated with clouds, as Shakespeare saw him—

"New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

103-104 Islands of the Northern Aegean. "Samos" is the classical Samothrace. Notice that the poet is here thinking distinctly of *Thessalian* Olympus as the divine seat, and knows his local geography perfectly.

129 Homer says only, "They found wide-seeing Zeus." The epic lightning is not used for mere illumination or diversion.

132-133 In the eastern section of the great Parthenon frieze, Zeus sits with Hera on one side, and Pallas Athene is really on the other, though a group of mortals apparently comes between. A corner of the Zeus-block, missing for centuries, was found when the Acropolis was excavated down to the bed-rock. A graceful feminine head upon it was promptly recognized by Dr. Waldstein as Iris. So no figure of our present group is now absent from the group in the frieze, except the reluctant guest, Thetis.

193-194 Homer's Zeus speaks with full knowledge here as usual:

"Nowise foolish is he, nor yet malicious, nor thoughtless;
Nay, to a suppliant man he will mercy accord, as is fitting."

250 Is wholly Pope's. Homer would not say it, for of course it is not true at all, literally. Figuratively, it is highly effective and poetical; but it is also highly un-Homeric.

259 Curiously enough, Homer does here make *one* Fate spin Hector's thread of life at his birth-hour; but Mr. Pope, so fond elsewhere of the Fates as an agency of doom, misses them this time altogether. Compare notes on Book XXIV., vss. 61-69, and XXII., beginning. The mention of Fate as the spinner here is perhaps in itself evidence of late authorship. The "spinners" (*Klothés*) are mentioned in the seventh book of the *Odyssey*; but the great passage that stamps them on our imagination is in Plato's *Republic*, p. 617.

285 **chargers.** Not horses, but platters, or kettles. Cf. *Matthew* xiv. 8.

308 Notice the curious effect of "dome." Pope could have said "home."

315-316 Perhaps the only survivors of the fifty sons, though Homer does not say it. The tragic deaths of Polites and Deiphobus, the happier after-fate of Helenus, are described in Virgil, who is doubtless copying the poems of the "Epic Cycle," as the early Greek epics supplementing Homer are called. The rest of these princes, except Paris, are quite unknown.

322 Troilus appears nowhere else in Homer. His death makes one of the striking pictures in Dido's temple, *Æneid*, Book I., vss. 474-478. Chaucer, Dryden, Shakespeare, have made his name familiar to us.

342 **wain.** The wagon to fetch Hector's body, drawn by the mules, while Priam in his "car," or chariot, is driving his horses.

359 This is Zeus' favorite seat while watching the battles in the plain. The peak is an old volcanic cone, commanding a view of the whole Troadic peninsula, from the Hellespont to the Gulf of Adramyttium. Poseidon had an equally fine outlook from the supreme crest of Samothrace.

375 Rather, in the middle of his courtyard. There, at Zeus' altar, Priam himself, Hecuba, and Polites, are slain not many days later in the general sack of Ilion.

388 This passage (with 361) is the only mention in Homer of the eagle as Zeus' bird. This may, however, be merely an accident.

390 **Percnos** is not a name. It is an adjective meaning "dark." Nor are the gods mentioned. Homer only says, "The dusky hunter that (men) call the black (eagle)."

422 This power of Hermes is presently exercised (vss. 547-548). Perhaps connected with it is Hermes' duty to conduct the souls of the dead to Hades, as in *Odyssey*, XXIV., *ad init.* Virgil includes this task also, in his beautiful imitation of this passage, *Æneid*, Book IV., vss. 238-244.

431 The tomb of an ancient Trojan king. Cf. Ninus' tomb in

the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe. The "silver spring" should be "the river," i.e. Scamander.

481-482 The exploits especially referred to are in Book XV.

537 Achilles' region in Thessaly is called "Pelasgian Argos." For the commoner use of "Argos" in Homer, see note on Book I., vs. 45.

552 tent should be cabin. Though built of local materials, it has the general features of the palace of an Achaian prince, as hall, court, vestibule, colonnade. See Jebb's *Introduction to Homer*, pp. 57-62.

566 Wholly Pope's addition. "Arts" here seems to mean merely "tricks." Pallas is the patroness of weaving, carving, and the fine arts generally.

599 Priam's first utterance is a master-touch. It is the appeal from racial hate to human and filial kindness.

638-639 Strange that Pope could interrupt such a current of real and deepest emotion with his "gushes" and his "tides"! The simplest words are strongest when the elemental chords of human feeling are touched. Verses 644-645 are worse yet, if possible, and vs. 646 with its feeble antithesis is also an unwelcome gift from the rhymers.

705 Achilles realizes the savage in himself, and begs Priam not to rouse it by a rash word of doubt or excessive haste.

710 A bad error. See notes on Book I., vs. 469 and Book I., vs. 555.

739 A last and magnificent reminder that comradeship in arms was more to Achilles than all other ties. The student should by all means read of the appearance of Patroclus to Achilles in a dream early in Book XXIII.

757 ff. Niobe, queen of Thebes, had boasted that she had twelve children, Leto only two. The famous group of statues in Florence, representing the stricken family, is well known.

762 Cynthia, i.e. Artemis, Apollo's sister, named from Cynthus, a mountain in Delos, their island birthplace.

773 The poet here shows clearly his local familiarity. There is still shown on Mt. Sipylus, not far from Smyrna, a figure in high relief against the natural rock. The hand of man has aided an accident of nature, and, as seen from a point

some two hundred feet below, the resemblance to a weeping woman is complete, especially when a rivulet trickles down the rocks.

775 **Achelōiūs**, a small river of Lydia, not, of course, the great and famous stream in Western Greece.

776 **fairies** is perhaps too modern in its coloring. Homer says "nymphs."

804-805 Strange and artificial, even for Pope. Homer's Priam merely wishes to "sate himself with sweet sleep."

843 Achilles is seen no more. His own fate has been plainly foreshadowed thrice in the *Iliad*, the last time by the dying Hector. His death, the struggle for his body, the funeral, at which his mother's sisters were present from their watery home, and "all the Muses nine with sweet voice wailed responsive," is described to his ghost by Agamemnon's, early in Book XXIV. of the *Odyssey*; but the passage is not a very early one. The same speech of Agamemnon's spirit describes the cremation of the body, and the reunion of his bones and ashes in one urn with Patroclus', as they had both requested in *Iliad*, XXIII. The later myth of Achilles' wedlock in the after-life with Helen, in the White Island, is not unnatural. (See note on p. 143.)

There is a copious and imaginative chapter in Symonds' *Greek Poets* especially devoted to the characterization of Achilles. Though the crafty Odysseus is nearer the national type, yet the more youthful and chivalric figure exercised a mighty influence throughout later antiquity. Alexander the Great especially envied him "who had a Homer to sing his exploits." Herodotus makes even Xerxes visit Achilles' tomb and sacrifice to his shade.

The Attic dramatists sometimes ventured to put themselves in indirect rivalry with Homer, depicting other scenes of Achilles' life than those included in the *Iliad*, but the tragedies in which he had a prominent part are not among the few preserved to us. Shakespeare is nearly at his worst, if it is his hand at all, in *Troilus and Cressida*. Goethe began an *Achilleis* to continue the *Iliad*, but he quickly desisted. So it is still in Homeric song only, for a few scenes in the closing days of his brief life, that we behold —

"The form of great Achilles high and clear
Stand forth in arms wielding the Pelian spear."

His free choice of brief and glorious life, in preference to ignoble length of years, appeals to every ambitious youth. It may be interesting to note, that Homer once makes Achilles, but no other hero, play the lyre and sing "the glories of men." Is this a daring intimation of the high estimate the poet really set upon his own craft of song?

862 **Xanthus**, i.e. Scamander. (See note on vs. 390.)

870 **Cassandra**, Hector's sister, afterward captive of Agamemnon, and slain with him by his wife on his return home. (*Odyssey*, Book XI.) The story that Apollo gave her the power of prophecy, and the curse of being never believed, is later than Homer.

906 Andromache appears only thrice in the *Iliad*, and all three scenes are fortunately included in the present selection. She is probably more interesting to us than she could be to any Greek. Mediæval chivalry naturally set her husband's love for her above Achilles' love of Patroclus as a comrade. So her Hector, not his slayer, is included in the lists of nine unapproachable heroes, three pagans, three Jews, three Christians. (See especially Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act V., Scene II.)

921 The line is here reprinted as in the original edition, and doubtless in every other, but the parenthesis is un-Homeric, undignified, and—to the present editor—quite unintelligible.

960 A most amusing collection might be made of the examples of *hyperbole* in Pope's *Iliad*, describing tears alone.

962-980 Helen's appearance here is chiefly to bring out strikingly the lifelong courtesy of Troy's very perfect knight, Hector. There is an excellent parallel in Book XIX., when Briseïs, restored to Achilles' cabin, finds Patroclus lying dead. (Pope's *Iliad*, XIX., vss. 299-320.)

964 Though not elsewhere mentioned, this long absence of Helen from Sparta is not hard to understand. Troy holds out nine years, falls in the tenth. Odysseus, in the companion epic, wanders for nine years, and reaches home in the tenth. So the union of all the Greek chieftains in a for-

aign expedition is known, from other passages, to have been reluctant and difficult. Odysseus' craft, the fears of Achilles' parents, the jealousies of all, delayed the actual setting forth, it appears, until ten years after Helen's flight. Divine on her father's side, probably on both, she lost none of her charms with the lapsing years.

Homer's sympathy with his fickle-hearted heroine seems clear. We are almost beguiled into forgetting that her sin has caused a whole *Iliad* of misery. In the *Odyssey* we are even bidden to believe that Helen alone has no suffering to endure in atonement. This is, indeed, making her, as did a Cyclic poet, the daughter of Zeus and Nemesis, a wholly extra-human being. In fact, the *Odyssey* itself expressly says she is not subject to death. Here, however, Helen seems distinctly human, and so forlorn, so utterly isolated by her guilt, that Hector's or Andromache's doom is blessed in comparison to hers. It is incredible that the fourth *Odyssey* is from the same hand as this scene.

973 Pope makes a very curious omission here; he ignores a line of Homer, stating that Priam was always courteous to his unwelcome daughter-in-law, and intimating that Hecuba was not. The former statement is well illustrated by the famous meeting of Helen and Priam, on the tower over the Scean gate, in Book III. (Pope, vss. 187-218.) The poet's comparative indifference to Hecuba reminds us of a familiar line in *Hamlet*. A strange later legend declared she was finally transformed into a dog.

1015-1016 Homer takes a dignified and quiet farewell of this hero of a lost cause. The last verse is,—

“So was a funeral made for Hector, the tamer of horses,”
or perhaps better,—

“So they made ready a grave for Hector, the tamer of horses.”

Pope is less happy. The first verse of his couplet translates the Greek fairly. The rhyme brings in something we can hardly accept. Scrooge was doubtful if Marley's ghost was physically capable of sitting down in an arm-chair. As to Homeric spirits, we are little better informed, though Odysseus makes a long and adventurous visit

among the dead; but at any rate no one of them is described, here or elsewhere, as sleeping peacefully, nor even as sleeping at all.

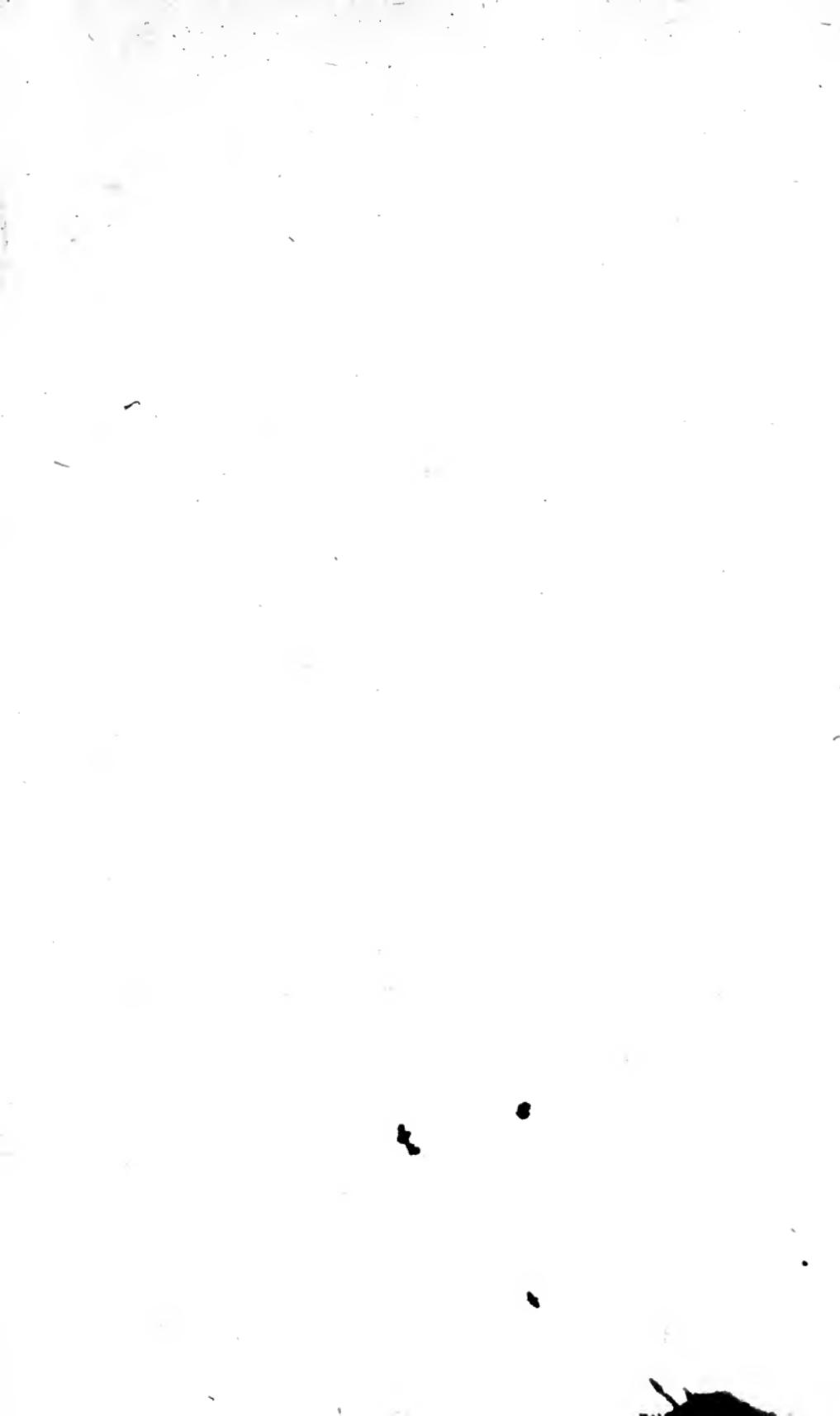
The old Greek commentators knew some texts that read —

“So they made ready a grave for Hector: The Amazon straightway
Came, who was daughter to Ares, the furious driver of horses.”

This is a reminiscence of the time when the *Iliad* was built into the larger structure of the “Epic Cycle,” which had been so trimmed as to give one long and complete account of the Trojan war and all the connected myths. But better perceptions of art revived, the inferior poems have perished long ago, the two supreme masterpieces of epic alone remain. Together they make an ideal picture of a truly heroic age. Their chief value will always be neither archæological nor historical, but artistic.

With all its aberrations from the exact truth about Homer’s world, Mr. Pope’s rendering maintains, and will long maintain, an important position in general literature. Even as a translation, its merits are more remarkable than its defects. Clearness, vigor, simple syntax, refined taste, rhythmic smoothness, and unfailing dignity in the use of our exacting English rhyme,— all this makes a combination which will always be rare. These powers, moreover, are sustained without flagging through an even performance of almost twenty thousand lines. Young Mr. Pope builded himself a lasting monument.





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